THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR

THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED

SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

For OCTOBER, 1805.

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2 London Walking and full Dress.
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4 New and elegant Patterns for a Habit Shirt Collar, and a Joining.
5 A new and elegant Pattern for a Handkerchief.

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Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In compliance with the wishes of several of our Fair Readers, we have this month omitted giving a *Song*; and in its stead presented them with *an additional Patern*, which, from its novelty and taste, we presume will be more acceptable.

S. F. is respectfully informed that her request, that we would give a pattern for a fire-screen, shall be complied with; either next month or the following.

We are of opinion with G. N. that his intended piece *(The Mameluke)*, will be begun with most propriety in January, when we hope that we shall hear from him. We shall attend to his address.

Clementina's Essay is intended for insertion.

The contributions of Leander, H. C. and J. K—n, require revision.

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE.

For OCTOBER, 1805.

ACCOUNT *of the* MONUMENT *erected to the* MEMORY *of the late Lord* DACRE, *at* LEE, *in* KENT.

(With an elegant Engraving.)

IN the church-yard of the village of Lee, in Kent, are deposited the remains of the right hon. Charles Roper baron Dacre, who is presented to the memory by more powerful ties upon it than his wealth or titles, or the common tradition of his having been born on one day, and having died on another.—'Suffer me to lead you,' says Mr. Pratt, 'with consecrating steps to what better separates him from the surrounding and oblivious mass of mortality. You will, I trust, read the whole of the inscription engraven on his tomb; meanwhile I shall offer you a partial extract.

'His afflicted widow, as a testi-'mony of their distinguished and 'unclouded union for upwards of 'twenty years, their unexampled 'happiness, and of the unbounded 'confidence in which they lived, and 'as a sincere token of her real gra-'titude for his uniform endearing 'affection and particular generosity, 'her deep-felt sorrow and tenderest 'remembrance, has erected this un-'adorned monument, and herself 'inscribed those well-known truths 'to his beloved memory, accounting 'them more consonant to the purity 'of his life, his mild disposition, his 'miable temper, and genuine cha-'racter.'—This conjugal tribute then proceeds in the same strain, and closes with the mourner's assurance that she submits with pious faith to the will of her God, and trusts in the same intercession to his mercy, with the brightest hopes of lasting re-union in eternal bliss.

'In the spirit of this attachment she has acted ever since the æra of her loss to the present hour, and will probably continue so to deport herself to the latest of her life, at least while the power is given her to walk, or to be conveyed to the sacred spot where she has enshrined her heart.

'LadyDacre has been in the practice of visiting the grave of her husband since the time of his burial; in truth, almost daily. As she chiefly resides at her villa in this parish, the precincts of the tomb are kept sacred from every profanity both of ill accident or malicious design, indeed, from the elements of heaven, which she will literally not suffer to visit the grave too roughly.—While I was

making these remarks with my pencil, I observed the lady who had called them forth coming towards the church-yard with hasty and anxious steps, which, on perceiving I was seated on the stile, she directed to a small gate and found it locked, and seemed much disappointed. Unwilling to interrupt her pious purpose, I quitted the stile; when, bending in acknowledgment, she passed into the church-yard, but was again diverted from her purpose. A party of people, it being Sunday, were hasting to the tomb in order to read, as I had done, its inscription. The throng increasing by the entrance of some additional company, her ladyship went back into the road, where she remained walking backwards and forwards in view of the church-yard till the intruders had left it, when returning to the spot from which she had been so long withheld she redoubled her attention, and I saw her while I stood aloof (myself unseen) kneel in reverence at the foot of the grave. After remaining some time, I presume in prayer, she went back to the villa, where in his life-time she had so long been blessed in the society of him whose loss she now bewails.

'Hallowed be the tender and generous fortitude, and sacred be the pious griefs that are superior to and that resist all the ribald jests and insults that a reverence for natural impression induces!—And as to the MOURNER who gave occasion to those remarks, if there should be any person disposed to scoff at or disbelieve the faithful sentiment that has long conducted HER to the place where most things are forgotten—the maosins of the dead—let them condescend to imitate her bounty to the living; let their characters emulate HERS; and if, by the kinder allotment of Providence (if we dare to call it kinder), they have no relative or friend in the grave to lament, if they have none of her misery, let them be animated by the spirit of her benevolence. In this there can be no mockery: it is an active spirit, that literally goes about to do good; of which as it is no less difficult to make the doubters of sorrow, and of the affection on which it is founded, believe that it can continue its duties after its object has been long mingled with the dust, in the manner in which they are cherished by lady Dacre, than to credit that benevolence may be powerful as love, even in a bosom where sorrow has established a throne, let the whole neighbourhood of *Lee* lend vigour to their faith, even if it cannot animate their virtue.'

A character of this lady appeared in the third volume of Evidences to the Pretensions of Vortigern and Rowena*, a poetic mock trial, in which, pleasantly assuming the quaintness so frequently exhibited in the language and spirit of Shakespeare, and with so much grace and beauty, that we are half in doubt whether to pronounce them happy imitations, or to believe the author had discovered those treasures so long pretended to have been found by Mr. Ireland.

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* 'LADY DACRE.

'No morne or eve, when twilight calmlie rules,
'But Elda, mantled in her sable stole,
'Walkes forthe to seek deathes consecrated shade:
'There on the monumental buste she leanes;
'And, mid her onlie luxurie in woe,
'Reades virtues appertaining to her lorde,
'Which the colde hand of sculpture could not trace,
'So left for purer recorde on her mind.'

GENUINE.

They were first given gradually in one of our daily prints call The Morning Herald.

The care of this tomb was undertaken by the valet of the deceased, upon the principles of unbought attachment to the memory of his noble master; under the sanction of his lady, who had the heart-felt satisfaction to perceive her wishes—that the sacred structure should be kept unsullied —— accomplished by this faithful domestic, who has continued uniformly attentive, defying all seasons and circumstances; and even when the whole village appeared to be lost in snow this interesting object of his own care was never suffered to feel the weight of more than must inevitably collect in the few hours that suspended his visits.

Some time since our daily papers contained an account of some miscreant stopping and robbing lady Dacre, in her pious visit to the mausoleum of her deceased lord.

ACCOUNT *of the new grand* MELODRAME *called* RUGANTINO; OR, THE BRAVO OF VENICE: *first performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, on Friday, Oct.* 18.

THIS piece is from the pen of Mr. Lewis, the author of the novel entitled The Monk; the music is by Dr. Busby.

The outline of the plot is as follows:—*Sperozi*, the lover of *Rosabella*, the *Duke of Venice*'s daughter, having been rejected by her, he resolves to have her murdered; and with that view hires the bravo *Rugantino* to assassinate her at the shrine of St. Rosa. The princess, attended by priests, enters the chapel, and while she is at her meditations the *bravo* appears disguised as a poor beggar: he draws his dagger, and *Sperozi* urging him to complete the crime, he stabs him, and saves the princess. She is alarmed when she hears that he is *Rugantino*, at whose name all Venice trembles. The *Duke* offers a reward for his head. In the mean time he enters the *Duke*'s chamber by a secret door, dares his power, and boldly demands his daughter. The *Duke* calls his guards; but the *bravo* extinguishes the light, and escapes unperceived. *Rugantino* has, previous to this, been elected chief of a band of conspirators, whose object was to murder the *Duke* and overthrow the government. The attempt of the *bravo* induces the *Duke* to hasten his daughter's marriage with the *Prince of Milan*. She, however, is secretly in love with a youth of the name of *Floriardo*, with whom she has an interview, previous to which the *Prince of Milan* has also been assassinated by the *bravo*. The *Duke* discovers *Rosabella* and *Floriardo* together, and consents to their union, upon condition that he brings him *Rugantino* alive or dead. There are various other assassinations supposed to have been committed, but what we have mentioned are the principal. A masque is prepared in honour of the princess's birth-day, and the conspirators agree to carry their design into execution in the midst of the festivals. The splendour of this part of the entertainment is beyond description. On the scenery, dresses, &c. immense sums must have been bestowed. The masques successively enter, in the characters of the gods and goddesses of the heathen mythology. When they have all made their appearance, *Floriardo* comes forward, having engaged to produce the *bravo* within an hour. He retires, and, changing his dress, discovers himself to be the identical *Rugantino*. The *Duke* orders him to the scaffold, but he claims the fulfilment of his oath to give him his daughter. The *Duke* declares such an oath not binding, and orders him

to be seized:—the princess *Rosabella* falls at her father's feet, and begs his life, declaring she still loves him. *Rugantino* immediately throws off his disguise, and is found to be no other than the *Prince of Milan*. He states that he had assumed his different characters to prove the love of the princess. He points out the conspirators to the *Duke*, and the piece concludes with the union of the *Prince* and *Rosabella*.

The chief recommendations of the piece are the splendour of its scenery, the pomp of its processions, and the richness of its decorations, than which we have rarely witnessed any thing more splendid and effective. The views of Venice and its environs are exceedingly fine; and nothing can be more beautiful than that of the duke's bed-chamber at the close of the first act, the rich crimson satin drapery of which is executed in a most masterly style. The religious pomp, both Christian and Pagan, is very finely and characteristically displayed; and the processions, in one of which all the heathen deities are represented, are managed with the utmost propriety and effect. The acting, in general, was very good. Mr. H. Johnston, as the hero of the piece, played extremely well, and was most favourably received on his return to the stage; and Mrs. Gibbs, as the heroine (in the absence of Mrs. H. Johnston), acquitted herself with considerable effect. In ascending the clouds, in the concluding scene, the car was so unsteady as greatly to frighten her; and, to say the truth, her situation appeared for some time most fearful. H. Johnston on this occasion paid a commendable attention to her, and frequently encouraged her by shaking her hand.

The Overture, consisting of three movements, the first of which is finely broken and diversified by a soft oboe strain, most tenderly executed by Parke, exhibits a bold and florid fancy; and by not resorting to intricate modulation, or the deeper recesses of science, produces the very effect evidently intended by the composer—that of variety, simplicity, and grandeur. In the music illustrative of the drama, Dr. Busby has acquitted himself with particular felicity. Nothing could be more characteristic than the movement accompanying the gondola, or more solemn and interesting than that of the chapel scene. The *pastorale* with which the second act commences is as sweet as analogous and original; and the marine music in the masque, as well as that of the dances, is happily imagined and judiciously variegated.—The piece, on the whole, was extremely well received, and announced for repetition amidst the reiterated plaudits of a crowded and elegant audience. The expence attending the getting up of this drama must have been very great; but we have no doubt of the liberality of the manager being amply rewarded by the attraction of the piece.

The MORAL ZOOLOGIST.

LETTER XVI.

From Eugenia to the Right Hon. Lady L——.

I SHALL now proceed, following very nearly the Linnæan arrangement, from a bird of which many fabulous accounts have been given, to another whose history has been almost as much the subject of extravagant invention; I mean

THE CUCKOO.

The note of this bird is sufficiently known to every one, but its history and habits are in many respects involved in obscurity. The fables which once were currently believed respecting this bird—such as that it devours its parent, that it changes its nature with the season, and becomes a sparrow-hawk—are now sufficiently exploded. But where it resides in winter, or how it provides for its supply during that season, still continues undiscovered.

This singular bird, which is somewhat less than a pigeon, shaped like a magpie, and of a greyish colour, is distinguished from all other birds by its round prominent nostrils. After having disappeared during the whole winter, it discovers itself in this country in the spring by its well-known call. Its note is heard earlier or later as the season appears to be more or less forward, and the weather more or less inviting. From the cheerful note of this bird the farmer may be instructed in the real advancement of the year. The fallibility of human calendars is but too well known; but from this bird's note the husbandman may be taught when to sow his most useful seeds, and to do such work as depends on a certain temperature of the air.

The cuckoo is silent for some time after its first appearance, and begins at first feebly, and at very distant intervals, to give its call, which as the summer advances increases both in frequency and loudness. This is an invitation to courtship, and used only by the male, who generally sits perched upon some dead tree or bare bough, and continually repeats his song, if such it may be called, but loses it when the genial season is over. His note is pleasant, though uniform, and, from an association of ideas, seldom occurs to the memory without reminding us of the pleasantness of summer. Custom has also affixed a ludicrous association to this note, which seems to arise from this bird's making use of the nest of another to deposit its own brood in.

However this may be, nothing is more certain than that the female makes no nest of her own. For that purpose she repairs to the nest of some other bird, generally the water-wagtail or hedge-sparrow, and having devoured the eggs of the owner, lays her own in their place. She usually lays but one, which is speckled, and of the size of that of a blackbird. This the fond foolish bird hatches with great assiduity, and when the young one is excluded finds no difference in the great ill-looking changeling from her own. To supply this voracious creature, the credulous nurse toils with unusual labour, not in the least sensible that she is nursing and feeding an enemy to her race, and one of the most destructive robbers of her future progeny.

The young cuckoo is of a brownish colour, mixed with black; and when fledged and capable of flight it follows its supposed parent only for a little time, as, its appetite for insect-food increasing, it finds no great chance of a supply in following its little instructor. It therefore parts, but in good friendship; the step-child seldom offering any violence to the nurse. All the little birds of the neighbourhood, however, seem to consider the young cuckoo as an enemy, and revenge the cause of their race by repeated insults. They pursue it wherever it flies, and oblige it to take sh lter in the thickest branches of the first tree it can find. All the smaller birds

are active in this pursuit; but the wryneck, in particular, is found the most active in the chace, and from that circumstance it has, oddly enough, been called by many the cuckoo's attendant and provider. But it is very far from following as a friend; it only pursues as an enemy, or at least an insulter.

The lower part of the body of the cuckoo is of a yellowish colour, with black transverse lines under the throat. The top of the breast, the head, the upper part of the body, and the wings, are beautifully marked with tawny and black transparent stripes, and on the top of the head are a few white spots. The nostrils on the surface of the bill, as has been before observed, are round and prominent, and alone distinguish it from all other birds. The legs are feathered down to the very feet.

The plumage of the cuckoo is, however, very subject to vary in different individuals. With respect to the distinction between the male and female, Dr. Derham says, that in the latter the neck is variegated with rusty, and the upper side of the body is of a darker cast; that the wings also are of a rusty hue, and the eyes not so yellow. According to other observers, the plumage of the male is always darker than that of the female; but the variation is so great that no certain discrimination can be drawn.

This bird at the approach of winter entirely disappears, and its passage can be traced to no other country. Some suppose that it lies hid in hollow trees, and others that it passes into warmer climates. Which of these opinions is true is very uncertain, as there are no facts related on either side that can be totally relied on. To support the opinion that they remain torpid during the winter at home, Willughby introduces the following story, which he delivers upon the credit of another.—'The servants of a gentleman in the country having stocked up in one of their meadows some old dry rotten willows, thought proper, on a certain occasion, to carry them home. In heating a stove, two logs of this timber were put into the furnace beneath, and fire applied as usual: but soon, to the great surprise of the family, was heard the voice of the cuckoo, singing three times from under the stove. Wondering at so extraordinary a cry in winter-time, the servants ran and drew the willow logs from the furnace, and in the midst of one of them saw something move; wherefore, taking an ax, they opened the hole, and, thrusting in their hands, first they plucked out nothing but feathers: afterwards they got hold of a living animal; and this was the cuckoo, that had waked so very opportunely for its own safety.'—'It was, indeed,' continues our naturalist, 'brisk and lively, but wholly naked and bare of feathers, and without any winter provision in its hole. This cuckoo the boys kept two years afterwards alive in the stove; but whether it repaid them with a second song the author of the story has not thought fit to inform us.'

The most probable opinion on this subject is, that as quails and woodcocks shift their habitation in winter, so also does the cuckoo; but to what country it retires, or whether it has ever been seen on its journey, are questions that we are totally incapable of resolving.

(To be continued.)

THE

ROMANCE *of the* PYRENEES.

[*By a Lady.*]

(*Continued from p.* 472.)

CHAP. XXXVIII.

THE prolixity of Octavia's narrative retarded its termination to a late hour; and as her auditors had undergone much bodily and mental fatigue during the last twenty-four hours, they, soon after she concluded, retired to their different apartments;—our heroine and Octavia occupying the chamber of Sebastian; Teresa and a female captive that of Theodore; while Diego and Thomas made beds for themselves in the library, close to the door of Sebastian's study, that they might protect through the night her whom they both considered themselves bound to guard from every danger, even at the hazard of their lives.

Seignora Octavia's disposition was of that firm cast that would not suffer itself to be agitated by excess of sensibility: her passions were, unless violently attacked by grief, ever in strict discipline, and in obedience to the regularity of her mental arrangements: she felt not with acuteness, destructive to repose, the sudden transition from despair to happiness. Her mind now calm in the sweet sunshine of restored tranquillity, she, after a pious thanksgiving to Heaven for its late mercy vouchsafed to her, sunk into a profound sleep, full of pure but serene joy, in the soothing hope of soon beholding her beloved husband and children; while our agitated heroine, a prey to agonising uncertainty and apprehension for the fate of him dearer to her than her own existence, sought not her pillow, where she knew sleep, however wooed, would not 'weigh her eyelids down,' or 'steep her senses in forgetfulness.' But in all her sorrows and perplexities, her thoughts flew up to Heaven for counsel and protection. Now, therefore, unseen by mortal eye, she supplicated for the aid of her Creator in her present anxious undertaking, and fervently implored his divine protection for Urbino and Sebastian. Time flew unheeded in this her serious employment, until the castle clock tolling the hour of one roused her from her knees, with the recollection of her promise to the mysterious inquisitor.

It was now the dead of night, but he had appointed no place or hour for meeting. Urbino might fall a victim to this unpardonable neglect. Victoria's soul sickened with torturing apprehension, and she instantly resolved to explore the library, where she knew not Diego and Thomas were keeping vigil, with a hope of meeting the inquisitor.

'And should you meet him, will you dare to venture alone with him, all mystery as he is?' whispered trembling fear.

'Whilst the shadow of a hope exists of my finding Urbino, I would dare to venture in quest of him, even with villany confessed,' answered her throbbing heart, glowing with animated gratitude and affection: but her frame shivered with the nervous chill of apprehension and fatigue; which, with the extreme cold of the night, induced her to wrap herself up closely in the sacerdotal habit she wore: and, taking a light, she softly opened the door into Sebastian's study, and beheld the inquisitor seated at a table there, with a lantern and basket lying by him. On seeing Victoria, he arose and approached her.

'I almost despaired of your coming,' said he in a cautious whisper.

'You appointed no hour or place for meeting,' Victoria faltering replied; dismayed at the time, the place, the mystery of this meeting; with the inquisitor wearing his hood, overshadowing his face so much as to preclude all possibility of catching the smallest glimpse of his countenance.

'Your coming at all,' said the incognito, 'discovers that intrepidity in you which I hoped to find. But dare you, lady Victoria, at this hour, and unknown to you as I am, dare you venture alone with me, upon an enterprise that must expose you to many horrors, and possibly dangers? although I am, as you see, well armed to defend us both (here, throwing open his robe, he showed pistols fixed in his belt). This scheme is my last hope for the discovery and preservation of Urbino; and without your aid I cannot effect it. My hope is justly founded; yet it may fail: when, alas, alas! the most amiable, the most glorious youth that ever ornamented the world will too surely fall a victim to diabolical relentless vengeance.'

Every fibre of Victoria's soul was tortured now by direst anguish at this dreadful alternative. The stranger's voice discovered such tones of tenderness and sympathy in his last sentence, that, accepting the sounds as bonds of faith, suspicion vanished; while the horrors that hung round Urbino inspired her with augmenting courage, which urged her on to attempt his rescue at the hazard of every evil that might befal herself, and firmly she said—

'I dare venture with you. Affection and gratitude will lead me, undauntedly, through every horror and every danger that can assail me; since the shadow of a hope exists, that through these perils and terrors we may be led to rescue Urbino from destruction.'

'Will gratitude and affection,' the inquisitor asked, 'teach you submission to my now placing a bandage over your eyes; since by the most solemn oaths am I bound never to discover some secret passages through which we must pass before we can reach our place of destination? But short will be this deprivation of sight, as these secret places are near at hand.'

'Urbino has done more for me,' said Victoria in the energetic tone of enthusiastic gratitude, throwing back her cowl for the accommodation of the bandage, which the inquisitor hastily placed over her eyes: then taking her hand, she felt his cold as death, and horribly convulsed by dreadful agitation instantly she caught alarm: but it was too late to recede; and rallying her courage, she suffered him to lead her on. For several paces he conducted her over level ground, stopping only twice, as if to open doors or places of entrance. At length, making a full pause, he stamped with his feet, and instantly the place on which they stood sunk rapidly about two fathoms. He then lifted her off the platform on which they had descended; and which, by the noise that immediately ensued, Victoria concluded arose to its original station.

Her heart now palpitated high with alarm of treachery; and the incognito taking the bandage from her eyes, she found herself at the entrance of a low winding arcade formed by nature through a long chain of rocks. And now she saw her mysterious guide approach a cavity in the rock, where she was surprised to behold a number of torches deposited; two of which he took; and lighting them by his lantern

(which he then fastened to his belt) he gave one to Victoria to bear; and carrying the other himself, proceeded through the arcade; the winding path of which was in many places extremely slippery, owing to the tide reaching it at high water.

At length they passed through the arcade; and our agitated heroine found herself in an immense black cavern; along the rugged bed of which an inlet of the sea foamed impetuously, sounding with horrid din as it rapidly dashed itself from rock to rock. The torches emitted their glaring beams not half way through this enormous place; but, casting their light in liquid brightness upon the black torrent beneath, officiously reminded Victoria of her dreadful entrance into don Manuel's castle.

Appalled by her situation, and all the past horrors busy memory huddled together in terrible array, as hideous sprites to blast her courage, her trembling limbs refused to bear her further—she stopped—she panted for breath—a cold dew overspread her forehead—a murmur of supplication for mercy from the inquisitor was faultering on her lips, when the fate of Urbino arrested every selfish thought, replenished the dying lamp of courage in her heart, thrilled energy through her veins, gave confidence to her soul, and to her feet a firm undaunted step.

In a moment more, the inquisitor, exhorting her to summon every particle of resolution she could command to aid her through their anxious enterprise, led the way up a steep acclivity, that wound along the side of the cavern in a variety of directions. At length they reached the summit; where nature, in some capricious moment, had thrown out hugh masses of rock, forming a bridge across the cavern nearly two hundred feet above the surface of the water: and of such extraordinary formation, it seemed to have no base; but appeared as if large fragments of rock hung in one large consolidated body, suspended in the air by the power of gravitation.

It required every effort of our heroine's renovated courage to impel her following her guide upon this apparently baseless fabric; from whence, as she looked upon the gulf beneath, her head became giddy, and her senses sickened with direst apprehension.

They, however, safely reached the termination of the bridge, and, cautiously stepping across the chasm which separated it from the path they were to take, began a winding descent on the other side of the cavern; when soon, in suddenly turning a very pointed projection of a rock, a horrid sound struck upon Victoria's ears, partaking of a hideous yell and soul-harrowing moan. Her heart was appalled, and her knees trembled; yet she forbore to express her surprise or fears, still hoping her conductor would relieve both. But he was silent. As they proceeded, the dreadful sounds of the howling of a wild beast and the groans of a human being, direfully mingled, increased most rapidly; and with these appalling sounds the noise of rattling chains assailed her ears: this was the severest blow her heart had yet received; she gasped for breath, her frame was convulsed, and, frantically grasping the inquisitor's arm, in the sharp tone of reason chasing despair she exclaimed:

'Oh, fellest agent of cruelty! is it to seek Urbino's mangled corse you bring me thus to the den of his ferocious devourers?'

'Lady Victoria,' said the inquisitor mildly but impressively, 'believe me not such a monster.'

This short sentence at once dissipated her alarm, and stilled her dreadful agitation; for from his voice she distilled the balm of security and comfort, for its tones were those of pity: and eagerly she now entreated pardon for her frantic conduct and injurious suspicions.

'The random arrows of terror and sorrow can never be felt as shafts of offence: I therefore have nothing to pardon,' said he coldly, walking on.

Descending now but slowly, owing to the extreme ruggedness of the path, it was some time before Victoria could discern any thing to account for these dismaying sounds, that still made her tremble. At length she distinctly beheld at the same side of the cavern, but at some distance below them, a creature of a most singular appearance moving with astonishing rapidity up and down a rugged space of about a dozen feet; sending forth in its movements fierce yells and groans of anguish, as if enraged and in despair at its unsuccessful efforts to break the ponderous chain which bound it to the rock. At length the winding path brought Victoria and her guide as near this furiously agitated creature as safety would permit any one to approach, when every feeling of humanity was tortured by dreadful amazed commiseration at the horrid spectacle she saw—a creature, partaking in resemblance both of the human species and a quadruped, infuriated to the direst pitch of phrensy that malady and hunger could excite. Its head was like that of a man, covered with long black matted hair; but it moved on all its limbs like a quadruped; and its body was enveloped in fur.

The inquisitor stopped, and for a moment looked in horrid silence upon the dreadful object; and then loudly, though in a tone of pity, exclaimed—

'Sanguinario! Poor Sanguinario!'

The wretched creature instantly ceased its rapid motion; and, erecting its body, Victoria shuddering, beheld clad in fur a human being before her, who was suffering under all the direful horrors of lycanthropy. He howled no more; but his moans, so woe-fraught, were insupportable to humanity. Victoria's heart bled with anguish at the sound. He raised his burning hands, in supplication for food, in a manner so expressive of his misery, that Victoria burst into tears: and the inquisitor, taking from the basket he carried a large piece of meat, flung it to the wretched sufferer; whose shrieks of joy so much subdued Victoria, she was forced to catch the inquisitor's arm, and cling to it, to support her almost convulsed frame. But though she had not power to articulate her wishes, the inquisitor seemed perfectly to comprehend them; for instantly taking her hand, he quickly turned into a cavity or kind of labyrinthian grotto in the rock; from whence, as they were proceeding up a short but remarkably steep acclivity, Victoria suddenly heard a loud clash of the wretched maniac's chain, succeeded by a dreadful yell, and sounds of both were quickly repeated nearer and still nearer: and little doubting that this miserable and terrifying being had broken from confinement, and was then pursuing them, she uttered an involuntary shriek; which was instantly reiterated, in several different-toned voices, as if in derision of her.

Trembling with horror and dismay, Victoria grasped the hand of her conductor; who turning to see the cause of her alarm, not appearing to have heard it, her torch gleamed upon the lower part of his

face, his situation above her giving a full view of that. His hood still concealed his eyes and forehead from sight; but she beheld sufficient to awaken every dormant fear, and to tell her anticipating heart that destruction awaited her; since a more darkly, diabolical, treacherous, and vindictive expression of countenance she had never before seen—no, not even in Garcias or Maratti.

Dreadful were now our heroine's sensations; but escape was impossible, and resistance vain.

'Fear not!' said her conductor as he led her up another step.

'Fear not!' was gently repeated by a voice close behind her. In amazement she turned around, but no one could she see.

'Remember Urbino, and be firm!' said the inquisitor, still moving onward.

'Remember Urbino, and be firm!' was repeated in a voice like thunder from above, and reiterated in lessening tones until it died away in a cadance most soft and piteous.

Victoria, dismayed, had not power to combat with superstitious fears; and, still believing her conductor was leading her to destruction, devoutly recommended her soul to Heaven, as she with tremulous steps moved on.

This man of mystery at length conducted our terror-struck heroine through a small cavern to a low black door, at which they stopped; and no sooner did their torches gleam upon it, than Victoria distinctly beheld written upon it in strange-formed characters of variegated colours and flaming brightness,

'The Chamber of Death!'

The incognito struck forcibly against the door: a deep groan was heard. The inquisitor paused—then knocked again: a groan more deep and hollow than the former assailed their ears. Again her guide paused—again he struck the door, and slowly it receded as a passing-bell struck up, tolling most heavily for a few moments; when ceasing, the swelling notes of an organ were distinctly heard, accompanying a fine toned tenor voice, chanting, in solo, part of a requiem for a departed sinner, and at a distance which prevented not every word from being clearly distinguished.

Awed and dismayed beyond conception, our trembling heroine followed the inquisitor into this dreadful chamber, which was formed of rocks black as jet, and where the most impenetrable darkness was broken only by the torches which they bore—Victoria's shaking in her hand, which had scarcely power to grasp it. The music at length ceased; and a sound was heard like a ponderous iron chain falling gradually; and in one moment more the rock at the east end of the chamber burst open with a horrid din, and discovered an immense shrine most dazzlingly illuminated, emitting rays like the rising luminary of day, on the sarcophagus of which appeared recumbent the almost colossal figure of a Spanish knight, armed cap-a-pee, in black armour; and ere Victoria's distracted faculties allowed her to take a complete survey of the scene before her, an awful trumpet sounded, and the knight, who seemed to her only a monumental figure, slowly arose from his resting-place. In his casque nodded an immense plume of black feathers: in one hand he bore an enormous sword; in the other a shield emblazoned with the emblems of death. Majestically he descended from the shrine, and advanced a few paces towards the inquisitor and our amazed and terror-struck heroine; when raising his sword arm, a stream of blood gushed from it, and instantly the arm fell as if suddenly deprived of motion; and immedi-

ately his armour dropped off with a crash, and discovered the figure of Death bearing an uplifted dart; and at the same moment the inquisitor fell motionless to the ground, and our dismayed heroine with increased amazement beheld in the same instant the hideous phantom sink from her view.

CHAP. XXXIX.

VICTORIA'S faculties were now in wildest tumult: she knew not what to believe, except the certainty of divine omnipresence; or what to doubt, but the stability of her own mind, which she now found so dreadfully shaken that she feared its final overthrow; and her first effort was to save that upon which all depended, by invoking the protection of the power that now only could avail her. Instantly she dropped upon her knees, and fervently prayed to Heaven for succour, and for a restoration of her mental strength, which the influence of delusion was mining fast. Pure was her piety, and her petitions were not offered in vain. The divine influence she implored pervaded her whole soul; the terrors of superstition vanished; she arose from her knees undaunted; and in the moment when her situation called for all the powers of her mind she found them in fullest force collected.

Doubtful now if her mysterious guide were really dead, or only in a fit, all that might occur in either case passed rapidly through her imagination; and in either case destruction to her seemed equally inevitable. Could she retrace the dreadful and intricate path the inquisitor had led her thither by, it could avail her nothing, unacquainted as she was with the secrets of the way that precipitated them into these horrid caverns; and should she remain where she was, she should alike expose herself to the perils attendant upon the inquisitor's possible recovery, and to the power of those by whose means she doubted not all the horrors she had witnessed were effected. To penetrate further on seemed now her only resource; she had no other means of escape: and through unexplored ways, although she had every thing to fear, conviction had not arisen to tell her she had nothing to hope. It was to seek Urbino she had entered the caverns; and now, with only Heaven for her guide, might she not, in seeking for escape, be conducted to his prison? This idea no sooner entered her mind than it took total possession of it, and with all the energy of enthusiastic hope she prepared for the bold and arduous enterprise.

Around Victoria now looked with an eagerly-inquiring eye: the shrine seemed to have lost half its brilliancy; but to her infinite joy she beheld a door opposite to that they had entered by, and through it she immediately determined upon attempting to go, but first wished to possess herself of the inquisitor's torch, which had been extinguished in his fall, and also of his pistols, to save herself, in case of his recovery and pursuit of her, from that fate she had for some time thought he meant them to inflict: yet as she was hastily taking possession of his torch, she found that vital warmth glowed in the hand which held it; and as she might be mistaken in the opinion she had formed of him,—and, even if she were not, still considering him a fellow-creature,—she would not deprive him of the only means of saving himself, but left him his lantern to guide him. Having with a fearful hand placed his pistols in her belt, she devoutly consigned herself to the protection of Heaven, and, hastening to the door, found it open,

ed upon a short flight of steps, at the foot of which was another door, which she found no difficulty in opening, and through it she entered into a narrow and not very long passage: but no sooner did she do so than a most dreadful fetid smell struck her loathing senses, and she would have retreated even to the black chamber, only she found it impossible to open the last door she had passed through, which had closed after her by a spring, the secret of which she could by no means discover. To proceed was therefore inevitable; and she was led on by a hope of soon escaping from the horrid stench: but in that she was deceived; for no sooner did she unclose another door, which terminated the passage, than she found herself almost stifled by an increase of the pestiferous effluvia.

To a pitiable dilemma Victoria now found herself reduced: to remain in the passage was impossible, and to proceed threatened destruction: yet, should she escape suffocation, her wanderings might soon lead her into a less noxious atmosphere. She thought of lighting the other torch, but was compelled to give up the idea from the impossibility of carrying it lighted, wanting as she should one hand at liberty to open and shut the doors she might meet with. Praying fervently as she advanced, she summoned sufficient resolution to pass through this door, and encounter in fullest force the noisome air which seemed every moment about to stop her breath. From this door was a short descent into an immense vault; where Victoria no sooner found herself than horror in its most horrible shape almost annihilated her tortured faculties, since she was, as she rightly conjectured, in the dreadful repository of the mangled corses of her murdered fellow-creatures. Frantically she retreated into the passage, and there for a few moments stood clinging to the door-case in breathless dismay.

At length an idea most horrible presented itself to her terror-struck mind. Perhaps Heaven had conducted her thither to find the mangled corse of Urbino, to breathe by his side her last sigh in prayer for the repose of his soul. Instantly she precipitated herself into this dreadful sepulchre. This was the most soul-harrowing moment of Victoria's life; but, horrible as the idea was which now monopolised every tortured faculty, it spared her humanity the heart-rending anguish which reflexion else would have inflicted, as she passed by heaps of the human species mouldering there, deprived of life and the rites of burial by the sanguinary assassin's hand; and while wading through a slimy soil which coward fancy else would have pourtrayed to her as moistened by human blood, happily the thoughts of how many widows and orphans, of how many parents of child bereft, had deplored the corses there, struck not once her susceptible heart. But whenever a newly-butchered body, clad in the smallest degree like Urbino or Sebastian, struck her wild inquiring eye, in all the phrensy of apprehensive horror she gleamed her torch upon the pallid countenance; and convulsive was the bound of her agitated heart when freed from the fell grasp of anticipating horror, on each time beholding features perfectly unknown to her.

At length this direful examination was finished—not according to Victoria's expectations, but to her wishes; and reaching the termination of this soul-harrowing repository, she rushed up three or four broad steps, pushed open a folding door, and ran, nay almost flew, along a narrow winding passage;

from which she was just emerging into a sort of cavern, when she stumbled over the breathless body of a man cold as marble, and in her fall her torch was extinguished.

CHAP. XL.

It is impossible for the feeble historian now to delineate the feelings of Victoria. But firmly persuaded this body was Urbino's, she raised her eyes to pray Heaven instantly to receive her last sighs, when—oh! gentle sympathising reader! if Victoria has yet interested you, will you not rejoice?—she beheld a gleam of light emanating through some chinks in the rocks a little distance above her. With the speed of a doe she scrambled to the place, and to her inexpressible rapture she discovered it contained a door; which without hesitation she pushed in, and entered a small and singular kind of apartment, of a pyramidical form, in the centre of which a lamp was burning upon a stone table. Wildly Victoria snatched up the lamp; and in turning to go out, first perceived that in one corner of this chamber, on a matted couch, lay extended a human figure wrapped in a sacerdotal robe. —Could this be Urbino?—Her heart dilated with new-raised hope. She bounded to the couch; and to her utter amazement beheld, in an uneasy slumber, the identical being whose apparently supernatural appearance in the library had relieved her from the grasp of Garcias the third morning of her captivity.

Cruel disappointment to her hopes struck heavily upon her heart; but, her soul on the wing to learn if her dreadful fears were just, she flew back to the corse, and found it was that of a person unknown to her. Grateful to Heaven for this great mercy, she took up her extinguished torch, and returned to the place where she had seen the sleeping man, resolving to disclose her situation to him, and to implore his pity and protection.

On re-entering his chamber, she found the venerable man raised a little on his elbow, the approach of death strongly pourtrayed in his emaciated and woe-worn countenance. The vanishing of the light had dissipated his slumber; and on Victoria's returning with it, by some sudden effort of expiring nature he was enabled to sit up erect; and devoutly clasping a crucifix which he held in his feeble hands—

'Heaven, I thank thee!' he exclaimed in a faltering and hollow tone—'I thank thee for directing the footsteps of this holy man to the death-bed of thy true penitent! Reverend father, you behold in me the most consummate sinner that ever offended against Heaven. I have insulted my Creator by the commission of crimes that even fiends might shrink from! Yet in this my last hour no death-bed horrors encompass me; since, firm in faith, I trust that years spent in the most sincere contrition that ever agonised the heart of man have expunged from the records of Heaven the fell catalogue of my black crimes. But ere you proceed to give your benediction, or strengthen my fleeting soul in hope, let me make all the atonement now in my power to those whom I have most injured.' He here drew a packet from his bosom, and, presenting it to our awed and amazed heroine, proceeded.

'As you consider your holy vow sacred, and as your soul hopes to taste the pure joys of Paradise in the presence of your beneficent Creator, of your blessed Redeemer, conceal this packet from every individual in the world, until Heaven permits you to deliver it as directed! If you love justice, if you estimate virtue, immediately seek out the injured youth to whom it is addressed! As

you hope to prosper here and be blessed hereafter, be faithful to the sacred trust confided to you! and believe that Almighty Providence itself consigns to your chosen hands the fate of my injured friend and benefactor's child, of him the world now call conte di Urbino.'

'Urbino!' half shrieking cried Victoria, catching the death-clad hand of the agitated man—'do you then know the fate of conte Urbino?'

Her voice seemed to have a powerful effect upon the dying man; for, shrinking from her grasp, he sunk back on the couch in a swoon. Victoria strove to recall his fleeting senses by the aid of some salts she had in her pocket; and he had just opened his wistful eyes once more upon the world, when, to Victoria's utter dismay, the inquisitor entered the chamber, guided by the lantern she had left with him.

'You have anticipated me in coming hither,' said he haughtily to her.

The moment the inquisitor spoke, the dying man, with a universal convulsive shiver, eagerly exclaimed, 'From him, above all the world, I conjure thee, conceal what I have entrusted to thee!'

'What say you?' said the inquisitor in a tone of fierce alarm and imperious interrogation.

'From the imbecility of sickness, and from my being clad in a sacerdotal habit,' replied Victoria, 'he mistakes me, I suppose, for his confessor.'

The dying man pressed Victoria's hand in gratitude and approbation; while the inquisitor, hastily advancing, with the wild gestures of phrensied menace exclaimed:—

'Wretch! infernal miscreant! what have you dared to confess? Diabolical villain! accursed fiend! you who plunged me into the gulf of iniquity, and gave to me all of misery my life has known, have you basely deserted me? Have you sacrificed me in your pusillanimous confessions? Whom have you been glossing over your own black crimes to, by implicating others? Speak, miscreant! or I will crush you to atoms in my just vengeance!'

Victoria, shocked and alarmed for the safety of the feeble penitent, started from her support of him, and, pointing to the pistols in her belt, undauntedly addressed the infuriated inquisitor.

'We have you in our power, you see. Advance no further, intemperate man. Disturb not with phrensied threats the last sacred moments of the dying. Question with calmness, and you will be answered by sincerity.'

The inquisitor retreated a few paces, and, raising his hood a little, seemed to regard her for some moments with attentive amazement before he articulated—

'Extraordinary young creature! you almost impel me to forgive your being the destroyer of Urbino.'

'Me the destroyer of Urbino!' exclaimed Victoria, half shrieking with horror ineffable.

'Had he never beheld thy fatal, fatal charms—had he never witnessed thy accursed fascinations, he had now been safe at the château of conte Vicenza! Was it not to rescue you from destruction the gallant and ill-fated youth came after you to this infernal castle, and persuaded me to enter into his romantic, his dangerous schemes? For you he brought the vengeance of conte Vicenza and his diabolical confederates on him; and for you he is now probably suffering all the calamities, all the tortures that dæmoniac cruelty can inflict.'

Victoria burst into a convulsive passion of tears, which saved her from fainting.

'Say, what horrors do you allude to?' exclaimed the dying penitent in dreadful agitation. 'What calamity has befallen the precious boy? Speak! I entreat, I implore you! Bury animosities in this awful moment, I conjure you, and tell me, tell me all you know of him, Francisco!'

'Francisco!' said Victoria in amaze and joy. 'Suspicion is then no more. You protected Urbino—you befriended me. You will not, I am persuaded, however agitated by tumultuous passions, harm this dying man, or injure me: and your arms, therefore, I should blush at retaining longer in my possession.' And now advancing towards the inquisitor, she gracefully restored his pistols to him.

'You have conquered, lady Victoria! and were concealment longer in my power, I should consider it unjust to generosity like yours,' said this man of mystery, throwing back his cowl, and discovering to our astonished heroine the features of the identical old man who had entered her chamber through the secret passage from the church, to rescue the lovely Matilda. And no sooner was his entire countenance displayed, than suspicion received a considerable check; since the villany his overshadowed visage indicated was now firmly contradicted by the ingenuousness that sat conspicuous on his brow, and by the mild expression which now beamed from his quick and penetrating eyes. But in the subsequent part of this interview Victoria beheld, in his varying countenance, such unequivocal expression of almost every passion which could disgrace or ornament the human mind, that she doubted not but his heart was the repository of the extremes of virtue and of vice.

'I am Francisco,' he continued, 'and you now know, lady Victoria, that my life is at your mercy: but I dare confide in your prudence and generosity. Hurried on by the phrensy of despair for the unknown fate of Urbino, I allured you hither, though I knew not but destruction awaited us from some of Don Manuel's people. I trusted that the resistless charms of your youth, your beauty, your fascination of voice and manner, added to the singular proofs you have given of gratitude and attachment to my dear boy, would melt the hitherto impenetrable heart of this man, whom I once called friend, and win him into breaking an oath rashly given to Don Manuel of concealing from me some secret places in this castle: and had your influence failed, much I fear my desperation would have led me on to sacrifice you both to my vengeance; and as you have disarmed my heart of its phrensy, so I trust you have subdued the contumacy of conte Elfridii; and that he will no longer scruple to make all the atonement now in his power for his past offences, by imparting instantly to us every secret which can yield a hope of leading us to Urbino, who is, I am firmly persuaded, now confined in some infernal den, where even the power of the inquisition cannot penetrate.'

'Oh, dear suffering child of her I murdered, what sad tidings do I hear!' exclaimed the penitent conte in all the anguish of deep-wrought despair. 'Yes, Francisco, I have lived to feel convinced that Heaven will not enrol in the pages of guilt the breach of oaths which bind us to the vicious.—Lead me—lead me then on, Francisco, as far as my stiffening limbs and fleeting breath can carry me.'

With that appearance of renovated strength which energy from zeal supplied, the agitated penitent arose from his couch, supported by Fran-

cisco and Victoria, taught them to open a secret sliding pannel in his chamber, and entered with them through it into a narrow passage. But it was the last flash of the expiring lamp of life. His supporters soon saw, with grief unutterable, the folly of the attempt; they bore him back to his couch, where in a few moments after he expired,—and with him every clue by which they hoped to have been led to the prison of Urbino.

The despair of Francisco exceeded all bounds of reason and piety: he breathed forth the most dreadful anathemas against the pale corse before him; imprecated his own existence and his crimes; flung himself upon the ground with the fury of a maniac; tore out handfuls of his hoary hair; and writhed about in all the wild phrensy of ungoverned despair.

Victoria's anguish was not less poignant; but hers was the sorrow of a Christian. It struck every fibre of sensibility with the fellest blows of soul-harrowing affliction: but with sadly silent uncomplaining grief she bore her misery; for, remembering whose hand had plucked the sweet floweret of happiness from her heart, she bowed in reverential meek submission; and so beautifully touching appeared the light and shade of pious resignation and heart-rending sorrow that diffused themselves over every line of her interesting countenance, that Francisco, struck by its fascinating eloquence, blushed at his own conduct; and, rallying all the good properties of his mind, soon, from the power of such a pure example, felt the influence of Christian fortitude, stealing from misery its fellest pangs, and breathing its mellifluent balm upon his sorrows.

Heaven too beheld Victoria, approved and pitied. The wanderer Hope was remanded back to its soothing station in her breast; suddenly her senses awakened upon new projects; hastily she snatched up her torch, and lighting it, said firmly to Francisco—

'By the deceased conte's having discovered yon passage to us, in compliance with your wish of participating with him in all the secrets of this castle, we must naturally conclude that through it you would have been conducted to the spot probably of the most importance. Let us then pursue the path of Hope which Providence seems to have opened to us; and, guided by all-pitying Heaven, our attempt may be crowned with the blessing of success.'

Francisco started from the ground, animated by a cheering ray of that hope which now thrilled through every fibre of her frame; and with all the zeal of ardent fond solicitude they re-entered the passage, exploring every spot of it with the wistful scrutiny their painful solicitude forcibly prompted. This passage led them several hundred feet from the chamber of the deceased penitent, to a narrow cylindrical staircase, which they hastily ascended; and, after mounting innumerable steps, at length reached a door, which without difficulty Francisco opened, being well acquainted with the nature of the lock which fastened it; and on passing through the door, they found themselves in a room ornamented with a number of statues; in fact, the very apartment Juan had informed Victoria and her terrified companions was the anatomy chamber.

Francisco was dreadfully disappointed and chagrined on finding their search terminate in a room which had the preceding morning undergone the most minute scrutiny, from Diego's having informed the officials of its being a chamber where many unfortunate captives had been conveyed to, and never been heard of more.

'And from that very mysterious circumstance,' said Victoria, 'as well as from this room being evidently the first place thought of by the poor deceased penitent, have we not just reason to conjecture some undeveloped secret attached to it?'

Francisco considered her suggestions conclusive, and they were about to renew the scrutiny, when the castle clock struck five.

'We must instantly separate,' said Francisco; 'and you must now only appear to know me as an inquisitor: you can easily conceive the fatal consequences that must ensue to me were it discovered that I had any knowledge of this castle, and concealed it from the august synod of which I am a member.'

'You may place implicit confidence in my faith and prudence,' replied Victoria; 'but when, when shall we renew our anxious search?'

'By the time my brothers assemble,' said Francisco, 'I shall have framed some plea for having this apartment more minutely scrutinised; and should our anxious wishes not be gratified during this day, we will meet again at night to investigate the passage once again, and to examine conte Elfridii's chamber for papers that may yield the discovery we pant for.'

The packet confided to Victoria's care, as it was only to be delivered to Urbino, could afford no clue to his present fate; and as from Francisco she was particularly to conceal the solemn deposit, she mentioned it not of course.

Francisco continued—'Should no attempt of ours succeed, the castle shall be rased; but much time must necessarily elapse before that laborious undertaking can be accomplished; and to save Urbino we can only hope from immediate effects. But I must now hasten to conduct you, by a private way, to your chamber, since Diego and Thomas have stationed themselves in the library to guard you; and from their knowledge particularly I wish to conceal myself: after what they have done, I cannot but fear their perfidy, and wish them to believe that I absconded with the rest of the castle community.'

Francisco now led our sad and agitated heroine through the castle vaults into some winding passages; from whence he safely conducted her into his own apartments, contiguous to Sebastian's; into whose study he hastily admitted her, and giving her his parting benediction, cautiously closed the entrance after him.

CHAP. XLI.

On returning to her chamber, Victoria found, to her infinite satisfaction, Octavia still buried in a profound sleep; and so completely subdued by fatigue was her own frame, and so dreadfully agitated was her mind from all the shocks it had so recently sustained, that she sunk into the first seat she came to; and, giving free indulgence to a friendly shower of tears, found her agonised heart so much relieved by them, that she at length determined upon going to bed: where, about seven o'clock, from downright fatigue of mind and frame, 'tired Nature's sweet restorer' for once lit on lids sullied by many tears. From her deep slumber Octavia took care not to disturb her; and keeping all around her in perfect stillness, the poor wearied Victoria slept until past eleven, when she heard that Diego was gone with fathers Anselmo, Pierre, Leonard, St. Romaine, and the principal officials, to attend a special meeting of the Inquisition at Cadaques, and that Thomas had therefore been deputed to go in Diego's stead, to convey intelligence to signora Farinelli and

Roselia, and to conduct them to the castle. And while our heroine was making a hasty toilet, previous to the renewal of her anxious search, it occurred to her, that from the accounts Teresa could possibly give of Matilda might be collected some information of importance: she therefore entreated the good old woman, while she was going through the mock ceremony of breakfasting, to give her every particle of intelligence she could recollect relative to the beautiful Matilda; and Teresa, ever eager to oblige Victoria, instantly complied.

'In a few evenings after I was released from my dungeon,' said Teresa, 'as I was setting the parlour in order for supper, my master hastily entered, bearing in his arms a lady in a religious habit, who was in a swoon. He laid her upon a couch with great tenderness, although he appeared dreadfully agitated. I instantly fetched water, and all the restoratives I could get, and my efforts for her recovery were at length crowned with success, and she opened a pair of eyes almost as beautiful as your own, donna; but their expression at that time was very wild. She sighed heavily, and, looking wistfully around her, beheld Don Manuel; when, uttering a piercing shriek, she relapsed into a swoon, out of which it was not in our power to recover her. My master now seemed almost distracted; and by what he then unguardedly said, I learned she was daughter to the very lady he had loved; and often he called upon her as the child of his adored but faithless some one—I forget the name.

'At length, seeming to recollect himself, he ordered me to summon Inigo, a surgeon, who was compelled to open a vein in one of her arms before she discovered any symptom of returning respiration. By order of Inigo she was instantly conveyed to bed; and I set up with her all night, during which I verily believe she never for one instant ceased weeping; and often I heard her call upbraidingly upon some one named Urbino, as if he had forsaken her, and left her a prey to villany.

'At the very first dawn of day she would get up and dress herself, not suffering me to assist her; so much she seemed to fear and hate me, as belonging to Don Manuel. At seven I left her to go about my household business; and when I summoned her to breakfast, she haughtily and peremptorily refused to attend. On repeating this to Don Manuel he seemed much hurt, and desired me to inform her, if she would not breakfast with him, he would with her; upon which she condescended to go down: but without speaking to or taking the least notice of him, she sullenly flung herself into the first seat she came to. On Don Manuel's politely offering her a cup of chocolate, she knocked it out of his hand upon the floor; and while I was employed in wiping it up, my master, in evident mortification, said to her, "This violence, Matilda, will avail you nothing, since you are now irrevocably in my power. Your adored Urbino, your invincible champion, has forsaken you, drawn from you by the resistless charms of the most fascinating, the most truly amiable and interesting woman that *now* adorns the world. One woman only ever equalled her, and she forsook me as Urbino has abandoned you. Yes, Matilda, you now know what it is to be scorned and rejected. Victoria soon, very soon, taught inconstancy to your loved Urbino; while I, although I beheld with admiration unparalleled, and acknowledged with reverence almost idolatrous, her matchless perfections, stood firm in my attachment to you—an attachment which your mother

sanctioned; for, in the fell moment of her fatal death, the angel gave you to my arms; a saint, a martyred saint bequeathed you to me; and though you have long been basely estranged from my protection, death only now shall tear you from me! Urbino has abandoned you; Francisco, the false usurper of my right, is now many leagues off, gone on important business to the see of Rome. You are, therefore, wholly in my power; and not all your violence, your disdain, your tears, or supplications, shall prevent my making you mine irrevocably, or hinder my fulfilling the will of your mother, or my endeavouring to inspire you with pity for the man whose fair prospects in life your mother blasted, whose happiness she wrested from him, and who, through her dereliction, was plunged into every error he has since committed!"

'Never shall I forget the sparkling fire which now flashed from her eyes; and starting from her seat, she seemed in soul and stature high as the castle towers; and in a tone of the most vehement indignation she exclaimed—

'"Dare not, vile traducer of innocence, to affirm that my mother ever beheld you with partiality, or bequeathed her child to such a fiend as you are! No, no; surely her pure soul recoiled from you and vice as I do now! But disappointed, ungoverned, and diabolical enmity leads you on, vindictive as you are, to wreak on me the vengeance you say you owe Francisco for protecting me. I know I am in your power; and, knowing you, know all I have to dread from villany unequalled. Put me to all the tortures which your barbarous heart can think of; tear me piece-meal; but you shall not subdue my contempt and indignation, or teach my heart to feel any thing for you but what my tongue will ever glory in avowing as long as the power of articulation is spared to me—scorn, hatred, disgust, abhorrence, the most deadly, the most implacable!"

'You must wonder, donna, how I can remember all their fine sayings so well; but never can I forget one word; for they spoke so impressively, that all they said seemed stamped at once upon the memory.

'Don Manuel, trembling with rage, now ordered me to quit the room; and I was so afraid lest she should, by her ill-timed violence, exasperate him to kill her, that I loitered about the door for some moments; when I heard my master talking a great deal to her, first angrily, then tenderly: but all would not do, for not one word could he get from her in return.

'Several days passed away without any particular incident to mark it; don Manuel striving to gain the donna's regard by treating her with the greatest respect and tenderness, but to no effect. More sullen and disdainful she became, if possible, every hour; and in his absence she would weep and lament so bitterly, and give herself up so totally to despair, that I trembled for the consequence; and used to be ever on the watch, lest the phrensy of her grief should precipitate her into her eternal destruction. Sometimes she would fervently pray to Heaven for protection: but in doing so, it seemed to me more from a conviction that it was right to do it, than from any confidence she had in prayers proving of much advantage, since she never arose from her knees with that sweet smile of Christian resignation that I have observed in you, donna. Either her sorrows were greater than yours, or her heart less compliant to the will of Heaven. Poor young creature! the only consolation she seemed to have was

from a gold chain which hung round her neck, which she would kiss and cry over for hours together: and when I became less hateful to her, she told me the picture of a very dear friend had hung to it, but which, by some strange mystery, she had lost from her pocket very shortly after he had sent it to her from Madrid. I think it was conte Urbino's picture; and the loss of it, she said, had greatly grieved her.'

Victoria blushed, and felt very much distressed that she had, though innocently, augmented the sorrows of the afflicted. Teresa continued—

'In her moments of anguish she would seem to upbraid this conte Urbino for having left her; although when don Manuel (and he appeared to take a malicious pleasure in doing it) would tauntingly remind her of Urbino's inconstancy, she would dart such looks of scorn and triumph at him, that I could not tell what to make out of them.

'At length that harbinger of mischief, Garcias, appeared, from whose long absence don Manuel had been made uneasy: but he and his vile crew, by some effort of Belzebub's, escaped from shipwreck, and returned swearing vengeance against Diego and Urbino, who I now found was that sweet-mannered black Hippolyto; for I heard don Manuel tell Garcias so, and that donna Matilda had made the discovery, in the anguish of her heart, on her first falling into my master's hands. But the news of yours and conte Urbino's escape from Garcias seemed to give her new life; and for a time she appeared to set at defiance the power of don Manuel, whom she would scoff, and say such things to him that I wonder she did not provoke him to kill her: but, by some infatuation, the worse she treated him the more his love increased. And yet his love was a strange kind too, since it led him on to cruelties against the object of it; while to afflict you, whom he was not in love with, as I heard him tell Alongo, gave him the most sensible pain: and he added, "that he never conversed with you that he did not find an admiration for virtue arising in his breast; nor could he look on you without his heart's feeling humanised: and when, in compliance with his friend's request, he tortured you by his professions of love, he could have folded you in his arms with paternal affection, and shed tears for your persecutions—That had he a child like you he would give up his wicked courses, and in your sweet society learn to become a fit companion for such matchless purity."

'I now soon found that Garcias had brought some intelligence with him that sadly afflicted my master; and I, alas! too soon found out what it was: for, one day, not minding I was in the room, don Manuel said to Garcias, "I would give half my possessions to be assured of that shattered vessel's having escaped the fury of the tempest, and that lady Victoria was in a place of safety." Ah, how I grieved about you! But I did not mention it to donna Matilda, because I thought she had sorrows enough without being led to fear for the safety of conte Urbino, whom she so fondly loved.

'Soon after Garcias returned, don Manuel's conduct to the poor donna changed materially He became stern and haughty, often threatening her with his vengeance, and saying cruel things to her which alarmed and afflicted her: so I ventured to recommend a change of manner to her, as being likely to effect one in my master; giving you, dear donna, for an example of patient mildness that won his heart to

pity. She would listen with apparent pleasure, for an hour together, to my histories about you; and make me show her where you used to sit, to walk, and sleep, and tell her how you employed yourself: and very anxious she was indeed to learn if I knew of your having any attachment of the tender kind; and was always asking if you ever held any conversations with Hippolyto, and if he seemed to be in your favour. And when I would tell her all the notice I had ever seen you bestow upon Hippolyto, and that I believed you were tenderly attached to some gentleman named Alphonso, she would colour up like vermilion, and, her eyes dancing with pleasure, she would seem all joy, and forget for the moment her own misfortunes. Then, again, I must describe your face and figure repeatedly, until she would grow quite sad; and say, "how happy you were in being beloved by a man who merited your tenderest affections; whilst she, a poor deserted wretched being, was doomed to sigh her life away in hopelessness, her affections fixed where now she must ever despair of meeting a return!" Then would she break from me, and shut herself up in her chamber to weep.

'At last, four days since, I was summoned to her by my master, who seemed in great alarm and agitation. She was in strong hysterics; and on her coming a little to herself, I learned from her that don Manuel had just imparted some dreadful news to her; and had given her only twenty-four hours to determine upon becoming his wife, or to witness the execution of her dearest friends: and never shall I forget the agony of her mind during that day and night.

'At the appointed time next morning don Manuel demanded her determination; when, from some unaccountable fit of caprice, she suddenly appeared to disbelieve the news he had told her, and peremptorily refused to be his wife: upon which don Manuel, and that vile Garcias, in despite of her shrieks and her vehement resistance, bore her off, poor hapless creature! to that dreadful chamber where Theodore's mother was disposed of, and I saw the poor donna no more—but think they did not kill her; for on the next day I saw Juan put a flask of wine, a jar of water, a chicken, and some bread, into a basket, which he took into the parlour. My anxiety led me to watch; and in a very little time after I saw my master go up the grand staircase with that very basket and a lantern in his hand. I followed unobserved, and saw him enter that very chamber.'

'Merciful Heaven!' exclaimed Victoria, starting from her seat; for, on hearing of a lantern, the recollection of the ruffian she had seen enter that apartment the morning she went to summon aid for Hero suddenly recurred, with the circumstance of his mysterious vanishing in the embrace of a colossal figure; all of which incidents, improbable as it may seem, had lain dormant in her memory until that moment: for so many and extraordinary had been the events she had encountered since her exile from conte di Vicenza's château, that many not immediately appertaining to her own fate she had forgotten; while many others she had looked upon as the visions of a disturbed mind, and had therefore strove to banish them from her memory. But now hope and conviction arose with remembrance in her mind; and eagerly desiring seignora Octavia and Teresa to follow her, she ran, or rather flew, borne on the pinions of hope, to the mysterious apartment. Octavia closely pursued her; and

Teresa, although dismayed, was led on by affection to follow our poor agitated heroine, who in a colossal statue of Proserpine recognised the figure she had long believed a phantom presented by terror to her appalled imagination.

Minutely now Victoria examined the statue: and, to the increased surprise of her wondering companions, pressed her hands against every spot of it within her reach, in hopes of finding the secret spring which actuated the movements of this automaton—but without effect. At length, exhausted by disappointment, that tortured every fibre of her bleeding heart, and irritated her shattered nerves almost to phrensy, she stamped her foot against the ground in hopeless impatience; and the statue, immediately advancing, expanded its arms, and, receiving Victoria within its body, closed upon her, while in retrograde motion it regained its original station.

(To be continued.)

To the Editor *of the* Lady's Magazine.

Sir,

IN reference to the 'Serious Reflections—addressed to unmarried Men' (page 399), the following may, perhaps, not be found unworthy the perusal of your female admirers, and to the world at large may in some degree prove that the ladies are *not infallible*.

> Yet say, what mortal is exempt from crimes?
> ———Ev'n the *fair* have failings, too, *sometimes!*

The insertion in your next, will oblige

A CONSTANT READER.

Sept. 1805.

Serious Reflections: *addressed to* unmarried women.

I shall lay this down as a criterion by which the coquette may be generally known, *viz.* that every young woman who is past twenty-one years of age, and has rejected three offers, *is one.* This may by the fair readers of this miscellany be thought a hard case, that their sex may not have the liberty of refusing disagreeable offers without being stigmatised with such a character: be that as it will, I think it is certain it has such an effect; and that, without exception, not even those of the best judgments and superlative accomplishments are proof against it.

Ambition, and the pleasure and pride their sex naturally take in being courted and admired, greatly facilitate their being coquettes: and what makes their case the worse is, it grows insensibly upon them, and when they are furthest advanced in it they hate the name, and think they are quite exempt from such a character.

When once a train of admirers and frequent conquests have made them *vain* and *conscious* of their beauty, they strive by the most engaging behaviour to win the hearts of young men, prompted to it chiefly by the love of conquest; for they will refuse very advantageous offers when they are in the prime of youth and beauty, rather than quit the pleasure they take in still making new conquests. Thus the happiness of a tyrant is to conquer new countries, but the wise monarch makes himself happy by ruling well in one.

The coquettes behave to our sex in general with the utmost affability, freedom, and good-nature: and when a girl of this sort finds a young man has a *particular respect for her* (though she may have none at all

for him), she will indulge his freedom with the greatest kindness, and seem pleased with the liberties he takes. Thus, he thinks, he has secured her heart, and at length makes his addresses to her; but is convinced, *too* late, that she only seemed to make a conquest of him, and then cast him off—*she meant nothing!*

It is the opinion of the philosophers, that the force of ambition is stronger in women after they are past one or two and twenty than love, and it is very much increased by a number of suitors and admirers. Therefore I would advise every young man that values his peace, not to make an offer to a coquette, except his settlement is grand, and his fortune vastly superior to hers: and even then if she is under thirty years of age, it is uncertain whether he shall succeed or not. But for a man of small fortune, though he be wise and virtuous, to think of having a woman of this character—

'He might as well court the pale trembling vestal
'When she beholds the holy flame expiring.'

What still heightens the ambition of the girl is, her being sought unto so much and admired makes her friends a sort of coquettes too, and they imagine the *pretty* goose is a swan, and therefore must have something extraordinary to match her. Thus whoever makes an offer is still rejected, and the last *fool* is as welcome as the former, and refused on the same account—that is, in expectation of something greater; for ambition is now become the ruling passion, and has so far perverted her judgment, that she has no relish for the sober satisfactions of common life, and her notions of marriage are refined beyond what the nature of things will admit of: however, as she imagines happiness to consist chiefly in riches and grandeur, she resolves not to enter into the married state unless she can meet with a man of *great* fortune. For, as Pope observes,

'In spite of love and nature, seize thy hold,
'And scorn the flesh, the devil, and all—
but gold.'

But it often happens, that these ladies by being too difficult overstand their market—(blush not, inconstant I-m-a); their lovers wearied by being long denied, their charms fade with advancing years, and they obliged, as a *just reward* for having spent their youth in *tyranny* and *conquest*, to pass the remainder of their days in peevish celibacy.—Oh! ye fair meaners of *nothing!*

There is no man has a *greater esteem* and more *honourable* regard for the female sex than I have, and I wish there were fewer of them deserved what I have said, for many of them before they were coquettes were

'The fairest of creation, last and best
'Of all God's works! but oh, how fallen!'

May you, who are young, beautiful, and fortunate, be preserved from falling on that rock on which so many of your sex have split; and give me leave to advise you, before ambition has taken possession of your heart, *not* to refuse a worthy man of sense and virtue, whom you *can love* (if such a one should make an offer to you), though his fortune should be a little less than yours.

S. Y.

DIRECTIONS *for forming an* AUTUMNAL *or* WINTER GARDEN.

(Continued from p. 466.)

Evergreen Flowering Shrubs, continued.

XVII. Privet. Ligustrum.
No. 18. Class 2. two females. Order 1. one female.
1. Evergreen Italian Privet - - - - - - italicum

XVIII. Rhododendron, or Dwarf Rose-Bay. Rhododendron.
No. 548. Class 10. ten males. Order 1. one female.
1. Large American - - - - - - - - maximum
June to July. North America. 1736.
2. Alpine - - - - - - - - - - - ferrugineum
May to June. Switzerland. 1739.
3. Hairy shining-leaved - - - - - - hirsutum
May to June. Switzerland. 1739.
4. Pontic violet-coloured Rhododendron - - - - - ponticum
June to July. Spain. 1736.

XIX. Rue. Ruta.
No. 523. Class 10. ten males. Order 1. one female.
1. Rue - - - - - - - - - - - 1. graveolens
2. Small-leaved - - - - - - - - 2. grav. tenuifolia
3. Striped-leaved Rue - - - - - - 3. grav. variegata
June to September. South of Europe. 1562.
4. Mountain Rue - - - - - - - montana
August to September. South of Europe. 1739.

XX. Sweetbriar. Rosa.
No. 631. Class 12. twenty males. Order 5. many females.
1. Evergreen Maiden's-blush Sweet-briar - - Eglanteria, sempervirens

3.

Autumnal-flowering Deciduous Shrubs.

I. Althæa, or Syrian Mallow. Hibiscus.
No. 846. Class 16. one brotherhood. Order 8. many males.
1. Red-flowering - - - - - - - - 1. syriacus ruber
2. White - - - - - - - - - - 2. —— albus
3. Red and White - - - - - - - 3. —— bicolor
4. Purple - - - - - - - - - - 4. —— purpureus
5. Silver-striped - - - - - - - - 5. —— argenteo-var.
6. Gold-blotched - - - - - - - 6. —— aureo-var.
7. Double purple-flowered - - - - 7. —— purpureus plenus
August to September. Syria. 1629.

II. Bramble. Rubus.
No. 632. Class 12. twenty males. Order 5. many females.
1. Double-flowered Bramble - - - fruticosus plenus
June to September. Native.

III. Chaste-tree. Vitex.
No. 470. Class 14. two powers. Order 2. seed covered.
1. Narrow-leaved - - - - - - - Agnus Castus
2. Broad-leaved - - - - - - - latifolia
September. Sicily. 1570.

IV. Climber, or Virgin's Bower. Clematis.
No. 696. Class 13. many males. Order 7. many females.
1. Purple - - - - - - - - - - 1. Viticella
2. Red - - - - - - - - - - 2. —— rubra
3. Double purple - - - - - - - 3. —— plena
June to September. Spain. 1569.

V. Glastonbury Hawthorn. Cratægus.
No. 622. Class 12. twenty males. Order 2. many females.
1. Glastonbury Hawthorn - - - - - Oxyacantha biflora
December. Palestine.

VI. Honeysuckle. Lonicera, Periclymenum.
No. 233. Class 5. five females. Order 1 one female.
1. Late red Italian - - - - - - - italicum serotinum
September to December. Italy.
2. Late-flowering Dutch - - - - - germanicum serot.
September to December. Germany.

VII. Jasmine-tree. Jasminum.
No. 17 Class 2. two males. Order 1. one female.
1. White-flowered - - - - - - - 1. officinale
2. Gold-striped-leaved - - - - - - 2. —— aureo-variegat.
3. Silver-striped Jasmine - - - - 3. —— argenteo-var.
June to October. China. 1597.

VIII. Mezereon. Daphne.
No. 485. Class 8. eight males. Order 1. one female.
1. Autumnal purple-flowered Mezereum - autumnale
September to October. Native.

IX. Passion-flower. Passiflora.
No. 1021. Class 20. feminine males. Order 5. five females.
1. Blue-flowered Passion-flower - - cærulea.
June to October. Brazil. 1699.

X. Raspberry. Rubus.
No. 632. Class 12. twenty males. Order 5. five females.
June to September. Virginia. 1739.
1. Sweet-flowered Virginian Raspberry - - odoratus.
June to September. Virginia. 1739.

XI. Rose-tree. Rosa.
No. 631. Class 12. twenty males. Order 5. many females.
1. Pale red Chinese - - - - - - - - chinensis
July to October. Barbary. 1596.

2. White-flowered Musk - - - - 1. moschata
3. Double Musk - - - - - - - 2. —— plena
June to December.
4. Red-flowered monthly - - - - 1. menstrua
5. White-flowered - - - - - - - 2. —— alba
6. Crimson Portland - - - - - - 3. —— portlandica
Raised by seed at the duchess of Portland's.
7. Striped-flowered - - - - - - - 4. —— variegata
8. Red-clustered - - - - - - - 5. —— corymbosa
June to November, or December. Provence.
9. Red-flowered Provence - - - - provincialis serotina
March to November. China. 1789.

XII. Spiræa. Spiræa.
No. 630. Class 12. twenty males. Order 4. five females.
1. Downy-leaved Red Spiræa - - - - tomentosa
August to September. North America. 1736.

4.

Early Spring-flowering Deciduous Shrubs.

I. Almond-tree. Amydalus.
No. 619. Class 12. twenty males. Order 1. one female.
1. Sweet-fruited - - - - - - - - 1. dulcis
2. White-flowered - - - - - - - 2. —— alba
March to May. Barbary. 1570.

3. Dwarf - - - - - - - - - - - 1. nana
4. Double-flowered Dwarf - - - - 2. nana plena
March to April. Tartary. 1683.

II. Cornelian Cherry. Cornus.
No. 149. Class 4. four females. Order 1. one female.
1. Cornelian Cherry - - - - - - - 1. mascula
February to March. Austria. 1596.

III. Mezereon. Daphne.
No. 485. Class 8. eight males. Order 1. one female.
1. Purple-flowered - - - - - - - 1. Mezereum
2. Red-flowered - - - - - - - - 2. —— rubrum
3. White-flowered - - - - - - - 3. —— album
February to April. Native.

IV. Peach-tree. Amygdalus.
No. 619. Class 12. twenty males. Order 1. one female.
1. Double-flowered Peach-tree - - 1. Persica, plena
April to May. Persia. 1562.

5.

Autumnal-flowering Bulbous-rooted Flowers.

I. Amaryllis. Amaryllis.
No. 406. Class 6. six males. Order 1. one female.

1. Yellow-flowered Amaryllis - - - lutea
September. South of Europe. 1596.

II. Crocus. Crocus.
No. 55. Class 3. three males. Order 1. one female.
1. Purple Autumnal Crocus - - - - nudiflorus
September to October. Native.

III. Colchicum, or Meadow Saffron. Colchicum.
No. 457. Class 6. six males. Order 3. three females.
1. Purple - - - - - - - 1. autumnale
2. White - - - - - - - - 2. —— album
3. Striped - - - - - - - 3. —— variegatum
4. Double purple - - - - - 4. —— purpureum plenum
5. Double white - - - - - 5. —— album plenum
6. Double striped - - - - - 6. —— variegat. plenum
September. Native.
7. Spotted Levant Colchicum - - maculatum
September. Levant. 1629.

IV. Cyclamen, or Sow-bread. Cyclamen.
No. 201. Class 5. five males. Order 1. one female.
1. Red Autumnal - - - - - - - 1. europæum
2. White Autumnal Cyclamen - - 2. —— album
April to October. Austria.

V. Lily. Amaryllis.
No. 406. Class 6. six females. Order 1. one female.
1. Guernsey, or Japan - - - - - - sarniensis
September to October. Japan. 1659.
2. Belladonna Lily - - - - - - - Belladonna
July to September. West Indies. 1712.

VI. Saffron. Crocus.
No. 55. Class 3. three females. Order 1. one female.
1. Blue-flowered Saffron - - - - officinalis
September to October. Native.

VII. Squill. Scilla.
No. 419. Class 6. six males. Order 1. one female
1. Autumnal Squill, or Star Hyacinth - autumnalis
August to September. Native.

6.

Early Spring-flowering Bulbous-rooted Flowers.

I. Aconite. Helleborus.
No. 682. Class 13. many males. Order 7. many females.
1. Yellow Winter Aconite - - - - hyemalis
February to March. Austria. 1596.

II. Anemone. Anemone.
No. 694. Class 13. many males. Order 7. many females.

1. Single-flowered Anemone - - - hortensis
Of these, many varieties of colours.
April. Italy. 1597.

III. Crocus. Crocus.
No. 55. Class 3. three males. Order 1. one female.
1. Purple-flowered - - - - - - - 1. vernalis
March. Native. In the meadows near Nottingham.
2. White - - - - - - - - - - 2. —— albus
3. Yellow - - - - - - - - - 3. —— luteus
4. Blue - - - - - - - - - - 4. —— cæruleus
5. Purple-striped Scotch - - - - 5. —— striatus
6. Cloth of Gold, or purple and yellow - - —— susianus
With several more varieties.
March to April. Europe. 1629.

IV. Cyclamen, or Sow-bread. Cyclamen.
No. 201. Class 5. five males. Order 1. one female
1. Round-leaved - - - - - - - coum
February to March. South of Europe. 1731.
2. European - - - - - - - - - europeam
April to October. Austria.
3. Persian - - - - - - - - - - persicum
February to April. Cyprus Isle. 1596.

V. Iris, or Flower-de-luce. Iris.
No. 69. Class 3. three males. Order 1. one female.
1. Persian Iris - - - - - - - - persica
March. Persia. 1629.
2. Snake's-head Iris - - - - - - - tuberosa
March to April. Arabia. 1597.

VI. Snowdrop. Galanthus.
No. 401. Class 6. six males. Order 1. one female.
2. Single and double Snowdrop - - nivalis
January to March. Native.

(To be continued.)

ERRATA IN THE WINTER GARDEN.

(Last Month, p. 461 to 466).

The Botanic Reader is desired to observe, that all the *Latin specific names* are printed with capital letters; whereas, only the eleven following should have been so printed, being *old rejected generic names.* Not being on the spot, I had not an opportunity of correcting them.

Unedo, Tinus, Bohea, Pyracantha, Scoparium, Tetralix, Aquifolium, Helix, Lauro-Cerasus, Spica, Stæchas.

Page 465. *For* lavender, lavendula, *read*, lavander, lavandula.

Leicester. R. W.

LONDON WALKING AND FULL DRESSES.

(With an Engraving elegantly coloured.)

1. CAP of worked muslin, with lace border, turned up in front, ornamented with flowers.—Dress of coloured muslin made very long, trimmed down the front and sleeves with velvet: white gloves.

2. Walking-dress of cambric muslin, made high in the neck with a collar, and long sleeves; the waist confined with a band of coloured velvet, and clasps: straw-hat, and yellow gloves.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

ALMOST all the robes now worn are white, if we except some linings of rose and black crape. Even in full dress as many round robes are worn as robes with trains. The ranunculus is the flower preferred for the embroidery of robes, which are trimmed always with satin riband.

Aprons are still worn, and especially such trimmings of robes as imitate aprons. A robe with a false apron has also usually a train; the trimming is commonly three or four fingers in breadth. The pockets are usually only figured, but sometimes they are real.

Some *elegantes* wear hats of white straw, with a broad border, *à la Pamela*, ornamented with a white riband tied in a knot behind, and without flowers. The rose and white are the prevailing colours for taffety hats and ribbands.

Mittens of flesh-coloured silk with elastic bracelets are worn in rich undress; as also mittens of fine muslin ornamented with a small lace.

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,

BY admitting the following whimsical dialogue into your entertaining Miscellany you will oblige several constant readers, who have particular reasons for desiring its insertion.

Yours, &c. A. Z.

Chichester, Sept. 27.

HOW TO SHORTEN A STORY.

A Dialogue.

The SPEAKERS *are several, but it is not necessary to name them.*

'FOR my part, I know of nothing so disagreeable in company as a man who engrosses their attention for an hour with a story that might have been told in five minutes.'

'O, 'tis abominable! I should never have patience with such a one.'

'Egad, I don't know what you mean by patience, but I should take the liberty to cut the thread of his discourse.'

'Either end of the thread would be enough for you, Jack.'

'Why, so it would. There is our old friend at —— you know him too well to require a description—that fellow will give you a story that shall last till midnight.'

'Nay, what is worse, I remember his leaving off a story at midnight because all the company had left him, and recommencing it again the first time he met them.'

'Well, that is abominable to be sure!—But now you talk of telling stories, I'll tell you a very short one about an affair that has happened to our friend Tom Crotchet, whose skill on the violin you have all so often admired.'

'Ay, ay, go on—let us have it.'

'Tom, you know, has a country box at a very pleasant village—'

'Yes, about ten miles from town.'

'Ten! and how many more?'

'I don't think it is an inch more.'

'Well, no matter, gentlemen; Tom was going—'

'Stop: now I recollect, the ten-mile-stone stands about three yards—'

'The twelve-mile-stone you mean.'

'Why, how the deuce should you know what I mean before you have heard what I have to say?'

'Nay, but it is so absurd to talk about the ten-mile-stone.'

'Why, zounds! is there no such thing as a ten-mile-stone on that road?'

'To be sure there is; but Tom Crotchet's house is not near that.'

'Who said it was? You are in such a plaguy hurry you will not give one leave to finish a sentence.—I was going to tell you, that about three yards further stands alderman Guzzlepate's house.'

'Why he has left it this half-year, and gone to Epsom.'

'What does it signify whether he has left it or not; you know the house, don't you?'

'Yes; but it is not alderman Guzzlepate's for all that.'

'There now—did ever mortal hear the like! Well, it *was* his; and there the road branches off to the king's head—'

'The crown, if you please.'

'I say the king's head! I have been at it a hundred times.'

'And *I* have been at it a hundred times: there is not a house with that sign within five miles of the place.'

'Nay, there is *one*, to my knowledge, about four and a half.'

'Come, come, gentlemen, one at a time if you please.'

'Well, let us have the story.'

'Nay, how can I tell the story at this rate?'

'Go on, go on—no interruptions.'

'Well, then—Tom, as I was saying, or going to say, took a lease of this house—'

'He told me he had bought it.'

'No, no, only a lease—he took a lease of it from squire Plum, the left-off grocer.'

'Squire Plum, to my knowledge, never had a house there. I believe you mean Mr. Closefist, lord Squander's steward.'

'If I do I must be wonderfully mistaken, for Tom shewed me the lease: and I think I ought to know something of the matter besides, for I advanced him some money upon the occasion to pay for it, as it was inconvenient to sell out. So, Tom having got possession—'

'Pray, what might stocks be at that time?'

'I don't exactly remember; somewhere about fifty-two or three.—But, be that as it may, Tom had no sooner got possession—'

'Fifty-two was low enough, but they have been lower than that: I bought at forty-nine and a quarter myself.'

'And I did a trifle at forty-eight: but it was but a trifle indeed; for I prefer laying out upon houses where I can.'

'Houses are, no doubt, good property, when a man has leisure to attend to them.'

'Gentlemen, I wish you would have leisure to attend to the story.—Please to go on, sir.'

'Tom, then, having got possession, sent for Mr. Varnish the painter—'

'What, Jack Varnish of Oxford-street? I know him well.'

'And so do I: Jack's a very honest fellow—got a great deal of money with his wife. Did you ever see his roan mare?'

'What, the one he used to ride to Putney with? Ay, a hundred times.'

'The fastest trotter I ever met with.'

'Nay, my good friend, you seem to have forgot my *Nimble-heels*.'

'Nimble-heels is a good trotter, but I think Varnish's mare would beat him.'

'That he won't, for a hundred. Why, I'll tell you what he did the other day: He trotted on the Whitechapel road fifteen miles three-quarters in—What time do you think?'

'An hour and a half, I suppose.'

'An hour and a half!—pooh! he did it in an hour and ten minutes.'

'Well, but, gentlemen, we shall never hear out the story.'

'Oh! ay, ay—the story, the story!'

'Upon my word, I scarcely know where I was.'

'You may begin again, without taking up much time.'

'Oh! I have it—Tom sent for Mr. Varnish. "Mr. Varnish," says he, "I have bought the remainder of the lease of this house—"'

'Had it long to run?'

'About six years:—"and," says Tom—'

'Six years! why, what a fool a man must be to do any thing to a house upon such a lease as that. No sooner has a man laid out money in repairing, painting, and so forth, and sits down to be snug and comfortable, than he is turned out of the premises.'

'Well, be that as it may, says Tom—"This house will require some repairs, and can you recommend me—"'

'Another bottle of wine, waiter; and, do you hear, let it be better than the last.'

'Yes, sir.'

'There is something in this wine I don't like. What say you, Mr. Nicely?'

'It has a twang of something, that is certain.'

'It is not so good as I drank at your house last time I dined with you.—'

'Ay, that was a memorable day!'

'Rather say a memorable night. I thought we should have been all killed in the storm—I hardly know how we got home.'

'Why, the wine you drank that day was good.'

'And so it ought. It has been five years and a half in bottle: but there is not much left.'

'I humbly presume, gentlemen, there is much of the story yet left, if you would be so obliging as to listen.'

'Ay, to be sure: please to proceed, sir.'

'"Mr. Varnish," says Tom, after he had shewn him the whole premises, "what think you of my bargain?"—'

'A-propos! Did you hear of the bargain Will Cautious made the other day?'

'No; what was it?'

'I'll tell you—It was a grand stroke, i'faith!'

'Well, what was it?'

'You remember the house and grounds at Bromley that belonged to Mr.— Mr.— Mr.— I can't think of his name: he served sheriff some years ago.'

'You mean Lutestring the mercer.'

'Probably it was; but I don't recollect.'

'Then you are exactly like me—I cannot remember people's names; and if it were not for my friends calling on me so often, and sending letters, I believe I should forget my own.'

'There is a knack in these things: I know a man that never forgets any thing.'

'Don't you think if he had been here, that he would have been apt to forget the story about our friend Tom Crotchet?'

'Yes; but, as I was saying of Will Cautious—I beg pardon for interrupting your story, sir, but your

mentioning a bargain put me in mind of it; I'll be done in a moment—the house and grounds Will bought were in fine order—'

'What number of acres might he have?'

'Only a garden and pleasure-ground; about, perhaps—let me see—one–two–three–and a—'

'I can't think why people are such fools as to lay out their money upon pleasure-grounds. Where is the pleasure of them after a person has walked over them two or three times?'

'Where? why the pleasure then is to let other persons walk over them as often. You have no more taste, Bob, than a Hottentot.'

'I don't pretend to taste: but I know land that will produce, and land that will not; and I always prefer the former.'

'Why, look there now, gentlemen, that fellow has nothing in his head but money. I verily believe, if he had a country-house, he would turn his drawing-room into a wheat-field, plant oats in the parlour, and have no more spare beds in his house than in his kitchen-garden.'

'Well, I see we shall never get through any of our bargains to-night.'

'For my part, I cannot help thinking it rather unmannerly to interrupt the gentleman who first began his story; and I move, that whoever interrupts him again shall be fined.'

All. 'Agreed, agreed.—Now, sir, please to go on.'

'As I was saying, sir, Mr. Crotchet asked the painter what he thought of his bargain; and if he would recommend him—'

'I believe you did not say, sir, what the bargain was.'

'A fine! a fine!'

'By no means, gentlemen; why fine *me*? You have interrupted the gentleman so often, that I am sure he will agree with me that you have put out of his head the principal part of the story.'

'By no means, sir; my story is a very short one it is true, but I have not yet got to the principal part of it.'

'That is what I like a short story for; one always gets to the end of it so soon.'

'You may get to the end of a story soon enough, but you seem determined that nobody else shall.'

'I am dumb—I am dumb.'

'When Tom took Mr. Varnish into the library—'

'Library! what is Tom of a bookish disposition? I never knew that before.'

'Yes, he has a tolerably good collection of books.'

'Of music-books, I suppose.'

'And printed books, too. You don't seem to know Tom; I'll tell you his history. He was at Magdalen college—'

'All-Souls, I believe.'

'Neither; it was at Wadham—I was there myself at the time. Tom and I had nearly been expelled for a riot.'

'Ay, you was always in one scrape or other. I wonder there is not more strict discipline at our colleges.'

'In some of them they manage matters pretty well.—But, as you was saying, sir, about Tom—'

'He was educated there, and made very considerable proficiency, until his father's death rendered him independent.—'

'He died about seven years ago, I think.'

'More, more—it is upwards of twelve.'

'It can't be: it was about the time we went to Bath. He was hale and hearty when we took leave of him.'

'Gentlemen, I must again remind you that the story stands still.'

'True, true—pray proceed.'

'Coming out of the library, Tom asked Mr. Varnish his opinion of the painted staircase—'

'I remember it well; there was a parcel of gods and goddesses, and sea-nymphs and tritons, grinning at one.'

'Be quiet: hear out the story.'

'And whether these paintings could be preserved and cleaned—'

'Nay, what nonsense to ask such a question of Mr. Varnish! Varnish is a very good kind of fellow —and my friend, too; and gives a good dinner, and a good bottle of wine. Do you remember, Jack, when he gave a turtle at Putney to a set of us last September?'

'Perfectly well; it was a jovial day: but the quarrel in the garden was rather unfortunate.'

'What, between the two gentlemen from the Temple?——Yes, that was rather unfortunate—I saw but little of it, however. Did not one of them strike the other?'

'No, not positively strike him, for we interposed; and before the company broke up they shook hands.'

'I wonder whether it be possible, before the company breaks up, to hear out the story of Tom Crotchet!'

'Mr. Varnish then said, that the paintings might certainly be cleaned, and he would undertake to get it done in a workman-like manner.—'

'There, that is precisely what I was coming to when I was interrupted. I repeat it, that Varnish is a very honest fellow, but as to painting such a job as that—'

'I only said cleaning.'

'Painting or cleaning it is all one: none but a good painter can do either. Poor Varnish!—ha, ha!—he do it in a workman-like manner!'

'Yes, I believe he would do it like many workmen—set about it as if he was daubing a barber's sign, and spoil it at last.'

'Upon my word you are too hard upon Varnish. He has much more taste than house-painters in general possess. He painted a ceiling for lord Whimsical in the square yonder, which is highly spoken of.'

'It is very *highly* finished, indeed—if you measure the distance from the ground: but, as to any other merit, I believe Varnish considered it was a good job, and he was well paid for it.'

'There were two reasons for that: my lord is a very honest man, and has no more taste than his footman.'

'Well, sir, pray let me go on.—Tom then took him to look at the ceiling in the hall—'

'Ay, now we are come to another ceiling; and we shall, by and by, come to the scaffold.'

'That is no more than you deserve, for having so repeatedly interrupted the story.'

'I interrupt it! that's a good joke. I only said——that is, I meant to say—that Varnish could not paint a ceiling; and that, if he could, a painted ceiling is a monstrous bastard species of painting, in which every figure is so distorted, that it is impossible to see any group to advantage unless one lie upon one's back on the ground. I suppose, painted ceilings were introduced before people had learned to stand upright.'

'There is some truth in what you say; but you must allow that some of the most eminent artists have been employed on such works.—But, I beg pardon, sir; please to go on with your story.'

'Tom then consulted him about some other improvements in his way, which he wished to be made—'

'In what way?'

'In the painting.'

'Oh, the painting!—ay, true, the painting. I believe we were saying something about painting'

'Well, Tom and Varnish agreed

upon terms; when, just as the latter was about to step into the coach—'

'Coach! What, does Varnish keep a coach? No, that he don't I am certain—he had a buggy for a year or two—although he might be able to afford it—'

'A coach is a most expensive article now-a-days. For my part, if I could afford one, I would not have it.'

'And why not, pray?'

'Because I hate to be plagued with a parcel of servants: and then one is so anxious about one's horses, if they are fine and expensive; and if not, you are always buying others.'

'True, the tricks played upon us private gentlemen in the purchase of horses, amount to almost a prohibition of the article. A man that would know what he is about in the article of horses, ought to serve seven years in a stable-yard.'

'Well, gentlemen, I will not dispute how far it is wise or prudent to keep a coach, nor how much skill it requires to purchase horses without being imposed upon, but if—'

'It requires a great deal of skill: there is not one man in fifty who knows how to buy a horse.'

'No, nor in a hundred neither; and yet who does not pretend to it?'

'Ay, pretensions, indeed, are mighty fine things—But come, to the story.'

'Gentlemen, I am going to inform you that you might have saved yourselves the trouble of expatiating on the wisdom or folly of keeping a coach, for the coach Varnish stepped into was the stage-coach, and just at that moment——'

'That's odd too! I should have thought he knew better than to ride in a stage-coach after the accident his brother met with.'

'What was that? I don't remember.'

'Don't you.—Sure you can't have forgot. Last summer he was going to Liverpool—'

'Not so far, I believe.'

'No matter—on that road.—Just as the coach was turning a sharp corner, out went the linch-pin, and—'

'He was killed, I suppose.'

'No, he was not. How you interrupt one!—I don't mean to talk all night.'

'Talk all night! I don't know what you call talking, but it is time you let that gentleman go on with his story.'

'Certainly, certainly, it is not proper to interrupt a story, unless it went to an intolerable length.'

All. 'Certainly, certainly.'

'Now pray, sir, go on.'

'Why, gentlemen, I have no other objection to go on than this:—My story is to be sure a very short one; but, including the interruptions I *may* meet with, and supposing them to be of the same nature with those I *have* met, I do compute, on an exact calculation, that my story would not be finished before the conclusion of the present year; and so—I am your humble servant.'

DALIDOR AND MULCE.

A MORAL TALE.

(From the French of Madame de Genlis.)

DALIDOR and Mulcé, two young men of the same age, and first-cousins, were brought up at the same college, but received from their parents very different ideas. The most judicious and solid instruction inculcated in a school or a college will be of little advantage if, during the vacations, parents destroy

the effect by their example and conversation. In vain was young Dalidor told by his masters that we can succeed in nothing, unless we accustom ourselves from our infancy to application, and to overcome the natural dislike which youth at first have to study. At his father's, Dalidor heard nothing praised but the talents necessary to render a person graceful and agreeable. His tutor, however, had no grace; his masters were only acquainted with Latin, Greek, and geometry: and he not only conceived an aversion for his instructors, but he despised them with all the sincerity of ignorance and vanity, which, united together, are always malignant, impertinent, and presumptuous, especially at the early age of sixteen, before experience and an acquaintance with the world have in some measure repressed this ridiculous pride.

Mulce, an orphan from his cradle, had a guardian of strong intellects, and who, intent on business and agriculture, never suffered his pupil to leave his studies, except when he took him into the country and instructed him in useful rustic labours. He said to him—'It is necessary, my friend, to become a man, and to employ yourself only in what is truly useful. Study is necessary: be diligent with your masters; and learn at the same time with me domestic economy and the management of a farm, and you will one day become wise and happy.'

The two cousins left college at the age of seventeen. Mulce set out for Strasburg, where, by the recommendation of his tutor, he was to study law. Dalidor went home to his father, who procured him a dancing-master and a drawing-master. At the expiration of a year he was introduced into the world, and made his appearance at court. He was allowed to possess grace and talents of the most pleasing kind: he had a good heart, an amiable disposition, wit, and made his way in society with considerable success. He entered into the army, and was obliged to pass months in garrison-duty in a small town fifty leagues from Paris. Dalidor was not a little disgusted with his situation; he, however, was guilty of no follies: he detested play, and his manners were irreproachable; but he was indolent, and he had the mania of the arts. It appeared to him intolerable to be obliged to rise at six in the morning to exercise his men, and to be deprived of visiting public exhibitions, and mixing in agreeable society. He was continually put under arrest; and when the time for which he was to do duty was expired, he returned to Paris, totally disgusted with a military life. The year following he obtained a furlough, and passed all the pleasant season of the year in a manner conformable to his taste in magnificent and delightful country-seats, with his relations and princes. He had a taste for, and a knowledge of, music; acted parts in plays; shone in balls and fêtes; and acquired a perfect gracefulness of manner, entirely forgetting all that he had learned at college. Yet, far from being supposed ignorant, as he possessed wit, loved literature, and made some sprightly verses, he was considered in the world as a young man particularly distinguished by his education. He was greatly addicted to indolence, that is to say, he could not apply himself to any thing dry and serious; yet he was never in one sense idle: he had even a great deal of activity, but he was incapable of employing that activity to any useful purpose.

The winter passed away rapidly in pleasures and dissipation. Dalidor was obliged to set out for his re-

giment, which that year was in garrison at Strasburg. He there found his cousin Mulce, who, wishing to be called to the bar, continued his study of the law with the utmost ardour, and most constant application. Mulce was no resource for Dalidor: these two young men were so different in their tastes and character that it was impossible they should agree; and, during four months, they saw each other only three or four times. Dalidor, as in the first year of his military service, rendered himself generally esteemed by his manners, and gained the friendship of his comrades, but was frequently put under arrest by his colonel; till at length he saw with joy the happy moment arrive when he was to return to Paris.

On the day before his departure from Strasburg, while returning on foot, at seven o'clock in the morning, to his lodgings after exercise, he passed through the market, and bought a bunch of roses of a woman who sold flowers. While he was purchasing them, he saw a young female of about thirteen or fourteen years of age at the distance of a few paces from him, with whose beauty he was charmed. She gave her arm to a woman who appeared to be her governess, while a domestic, carrying fish, walked behind her. As she marketted, and bought fruits and vegetables, which she placed in a tolerably large basket suspended on her arm, Dalidor had time to examine her at his leisure, and he thought her charming. After some minutes he advanced softly behind her, and slid into her basket the bouquet of roses that he had just bought. At that moment the governess and the servant had their backs turned, and their attention engaged by something else. The young stranger, however, turned round—saw Dalidor—took the roses out of her basket, laid them on the counter of the green-grocer, and went on, without honouring Dalidor with a second glance. She did this with the most perfect simplicity, without shewing surprise or affecting severity; but nothing so effectually represses a first emotion as this calm indifference. Theatrical airs, parade, and ostentatious severity, have much less true dignity in them; some little emotion is continually mixed with them, and men are more gratified by confusion than indifference, as they can always interpret the former in their favour. Disdain and anger, whatever may be their motives, always disfigure innocence, and seem to render a young countenance old; and, at every age, seriousness and coldness are the only expressions of disapprobation which women should permit themselves to use. Dalidor was so impressed with this adventure, that he felt that the image of this charming maiden could never be effaced from his memory. He lamented within himself that a girl so amiable, and who appeared not to be of vulgar condition, should receive such an education. 'They send her to market!' said he; 'they wish only to make her a good manager! she will neither possess talents nor acquire celebrity. What a pity!'

Dalidor returned to Paris, and two months afterwards a very advantageous marriage was proposed to him. But the family, which in consequence of his good character was willing to accept him as a son-in-law, was not in the opinion of Dalidor *amusing*, that is, was little acquainted with taste and polite accomplishments. He could not, therefore, endure the disgusting gloom of such a family: he gave some offence to the father and mother, and the match was broken off.

One morning in the beginning of

spring, as he was walking on the Boulevard, he saw a few paces before him a young lady most exquisitely shaped, whose back was turned towards him: she was accompanied by an old woman. An old blind man was sitting on the ground, and as she passed him, she stopped, and gave him some pieces of money. Dalidor, coming up at that instant, heard her say, in a tone of voice inexpressibly soft—'That is all I have —Oh, my good mother! give me six livres for this poor blind man.'—'How, miss! you have already given him six-and-thirty sous!'—'But, recollect, my dear papa is blind, and is as old as this poor man.'—'Well, miss, and what does that signify?'—'My good mother, if you refuse me my request, I will give him my gold heart out of my bosom.'—'What nonsense!' replied the old woman.

Dalidor, who had stopped to listen to this conversation, now came forward, and, extending his arm, threw a six-livre piece into the blind man's hat:—'There, good old man,' said he, 'that is for this young lady; and this is for myself,' throwing in another crown. At these words the young lady turned round, and thanked him with the most delicate simplicity; and making a low curtsey went on, leaving Dalidor full of surprise and emotion. He had just time to recognise in her the charming young stranger whom he had seen in the market of Strasburg six months before. He remained for some moments motionless; and then resolved to follow her. She was already at a considerable distance, but he hastened after her, and had nearly overtaken her when he saw her stop and get into a carriage. The coachman and the servant who opened the door were dressed in grey. The carriage drove away, and Dalidor soon lost sight of it. The image of the lovely stranger continually recurred to his mind, and rendered him thoughtful, disturbed, and absent. During a fortnight, he returned every day to the same Boulevard, constantly giving alms to the old blind man. But he saw no more the charming stranger; and he endeavoured to console himself by saying—'What advantage could I derive from an acquaintance with her? I can never form a real attachment but with a person who has received a brilliant education. A young woman who goes to buy vegetables in a market, and who displays in her manners the most rustic simplicity, cannot certainly be a wife suitable for me.'

Notwithstanding this reflection, Dalidor was a long time preserved from love by the remembrance of the charming stranger; for he could find in no other woman such impressive beauty, or such ingenuous grace.

Dalidor, not being able to resolve to return to his garrison, yet desiring to distinguish himself, went to serve in Corsica, where he continued two years. He overcame his natural indolence in his eagerness to obtain glory, and behaved in a manner that acquired him much reputation. It is very pleasing, at three-and-twenty, to return to Paris after such success; the adventurer is so well received by the ladies. Dalidor found the society of the capital more delightful than ever; and soon afterwards it was rendered still more interesting by a new sentiment. He became a lover; at least he believed himself to be in love, which produced nearly the same effects during some months.

He had been introduced to a young widow, named Ambroisine, greatly celebrated for her accomplishments and talents. This lady, though not regularly beautiful, was an elegant figure. She danced in a superior style; that is to say, almost as well

as a chorus-dancer at the opera. She had little voice, but she sang with taste. She played in a pleasing manner on the harp, the piano, the guitar, and the lyre. Dalidor attended her concerts: he heard her applauded with transports, and he secretly said to himself—'This is the woman I ought to love!'—and thus his choice was decided. A few days afterwards he resolved to make an open declaration: but this was not easily done. Ambroisine never conversed. At the ball she continually danced; and at home she was always at her music, and Dalidor more than once cursed the violin or flute which accompanied her. He had recourse to writing to her. Ambroisine did not answer his letter; but she blushed the next time she saw him, and addressed to him two very tender verses of a song which she sang. Ambroisine was the widow of a man of quality, and possessed a good fortune and a good reputation: Dalidor's father approved the sentiments of his son. Ambroisine gave her consent, and it was resolved that the two lovers should be united in the beginning of the spring: it was then the middle of winter.

One morning, Dalidor, going out in a cabriolet, passed through the *rue St. Germain l'Auxerrois*, where his carriage broke down, a few paces from the church. He ordered his servants to call a hackney-coach, and went into the church. Sitting down at a little distance from the confessional, towards which turning his eyes, he perceived a young female on her knees, whose figure struck him. Though she was wrapped up in a large black mantle, he could easily distinguish a slender shape and the most symmetrical proportion. Her robe, tucked up *à la Polonaise*, exhibited two charming little feet in the most artless manner; for her shoes were so large that on the slightest motion they almost left her feet: in fact, one fell off, and rolled to the foot of the confessional. The young penitent was so absorbed in her devotion, that this did not disturb her. Dalidor, after having admired her pretty little foot without a shoe, advanced softly and took up the shoe, to place it again on the first step.

At this moment the young lady arose, and turned round with that kind of slowness which accompanies a solemn and religious act, on which the mind is wholly intent. A veil covered her face—but it appeared charming to Dalidor in her carriage, her affecting grace, and the conciliating humility which adorned every motion. Her head was bowed down upon her breast: her pretty hands, without gloves, were joined together; it was manifest that she pressed them, and that she felt with a joy full of innocence and fervour the absolution she had just received. Dalidor, much affected, respectfully bowed as he placed the slipper under her foot; which she received without raising her head, and certainly without raising her eyes. She was at the further end of the church, near an old lady: she kneeled on a chair, and, in order to read in a book containing the service, she lifted up her veil. Dalidor, who followed her, then recognized the countenance of the young person he had seen at Strasburg, on the Boulevard. She was now sixteen, much more grown, and greatly improved. Dalidor experienced an inexpressible sensation. The violent palpitation of his heart obliged him to sit down. He fixed his eyes on this beauteous stranger, whom chance had thus more than once presented to him in such interesting situations. While he viewed her with emotion, she prayed with an attention that would not suffer her to see Dalidor. When half an

hour had elapsed, the old lady took her under her arm, and carried her away. Dalidor rose with an intention to follow her, but suddenly stopping—'To what purpose,' said he with a sigh, 'from what motive, should I follow her? I am in love with another. I have given my word.'—This thought pierced his heart. The stranger disappeared. Dalidor sank into his chair: he remained for some minutes in a kind of insensibility; then collecting all his strength, he hastily left the church. For several days he was a prey to an invincible melancholy, which the accomplishments and refined talents of Ambroisine had not the power entirely to dissipate.

About this time his cousin Mulce, who had been absent some months, returned to Paris. Dalidor communicated to him his intended marriage, and emphatically extolled the talents of Ambroisine.—'How!' said Mulce, 'at twenty years of age can she sing and dance thus exquisitely, and play on four or five different instruments? This is indeed alarming, for she can never then have had time to think. What cultivation can her mind have received?'—'Do you then suppose,' said Dalidor, 'that a person possessing these talents may not likewise possess sense?'—'I do mean absolutely to say, that with such numerous acquirements at such an age a person cannot have had time for much useful reading, nor for reflection: and then, unless such persons be born with a very extraordinary mind, they must for ever be deprived of every thing that can supply the place of natural superiority.'—'You do not love the arts.'—'I think them agreeable, but not necessary; and they even appear to me to be frequently hurtful.'

This conversation did not tend to raise the spirits of Dalidor, though he repeated to himself that his cousin wanted taste.

In the mean time the winter glided on; and Dalidor saw the approach of spring without transport, but with some degree of pleasure. Love appears to revive with the reproduction of verdure and flowers, and the month of May seems to bestow new embellishments on youth. Ambroisine appeared to Dalidor more amiable and resplendent than ever, and he recovered all his enthusiasm for music. On the evening of the day appointed for his marriage, Dalidor was desired by Ambroisine to go and bring from the house of a painter who had suddenly absconded her portrait at full length, in oil colours, which she had caused to be painted without his knowledge, in order to present him with it. An unforeseen event had obliged the painter to quit the place without delay. Dalidor, furnished with a note from Ambroisine, went to the painter's house early in the morning, in order to claim this portrait which he knew not of, and which he had so much desire to see. He was informed that the painter's wife alone could deliver this portrait to him; that she was gone out, but that she would soon return; and Dalidor, who resolved to wait for her, was conducted into the painter's room, where, after having pointed out the portrait of Ambroisine, the servant left him. Ambroisine, a perfect likeness, was represented in a dazzling dress, crowned with pearls and laurel, surrounded with instruments of music, and playing on the harp. A group of bronze, consisting of the Muses and the Arts, supported the desk on which her music was laid, which she seemed to be looking at. Behind her, on an elevated stand, were the statues of the three Graces, holding a crown, which they seemed

to be desirous of placing on her head. Dalidor had but one glance at all this composition. By the side of this picture was another, which caused in him the strongest emotion. 'Oh, Heaven!' exclaimed he, 'wilt thou always pursue me?' This picture presented to his view his unknown fair-one, simply attired in a white robe, and standing in a court-yard feeding chickens. It was evident that the action represented was not agreeable to the painter's taste. The unknown beauty was neither habited in the dress of a shepherdess nor in that of a peasant: she was dressed as a young woman living in the country; and all that Dalidor knew of her convinced him that she who was sent to buy vegetables in the market must, in reality, be entrusted with almost the whole management of the household affairs.—'Yes,' said he, with tenderness, 'these are the features of that charming countenance: there is that forehead, in which candour and innocence are so manifestly displayed; there that smile, beaming with simplicity and ingenuousness! There is that artless grace, which flattery has never extolled. Ah! doubtless, praise, however just, must profane and degrade it: this delicate charm evaporates with the consciousness of possessing it.—She is here less beautiful, less interesting, than she appeared to me in the market of Strasburg, on the Boulevard, and in the church; but the figure is hers, and resembles her. By what magic is it that this picture diminishes the beauty of all around it?'—As he uttered these words he looked on the brilliant portrait of Ambroisine, and the figure of the latter appeared to him almost ridiculous. He found her attitude extravagant, her expression forced; affectation and pretension spoiled even the disposition of the picture. The dazzling drapery, the magnificently gilded harp, the sumptuous desk, and the figures of the Muses, formed a singular contrast to the simplicity of the young housekeeper, surrounded by her little chickens, and smiling at the eagerness with which they seized the corn, which she distributed to them by handfuls. Dalidor, in comparing these two figures, felt in the most lively manner that there is a charm a thousand times more powerful than talents and celebrity; and casting a disdainful eye on the groupe of Graces who seemed to wish to crown Ambroisine,—'No,' said he, 'these are not the Graces; no, they are all assembled and united here'—turning to the portrait of his unknown fair-one. He sank into a profound reverie; he admired that strange kind of fatality which forced him, as it were, continually to meet with this stranger or her image, and in such a manner as clearly to exhibit to him her character, her manners, and her way of life.—'I know not,' said he, 'whether I am to meet her again; but I am certain the remembrance of her will remain with me all my life. Yet have I not even been observed by her; that glance, so timid and so mild, has never been fixed on me for a single instant. Should she see me again she would not know me. Well, of what consequence is it? We were not born for each other; her rusticity could not accord with my taste. I have made the choice which can alone suit me, and render me happy. But I could wish that this young person were my sister.—'

At this moment the wife of the painter entered. Dalidor could not refrain asking her some questions relative to the picture of the fair stranger: but he learned nothing; the painter's wife could give him no information either with respect to the picture or the original. Dalidor, disappointed and sad, asked

for the picture of Ambroisine: it was taken down, and he carried it away.

The marriage ceremony was performed on the following day, and the beautiful portrait was placed in the parlour of the new-married couple. Dalidor never looked upon it without sighing: it reminded him at the same moment of the portrait so different with which he had compared it.

(To be concluded in our next.)

The ANGLER.

IN a warm summer's evening, look at the patient angler; his eye intently fixed upon a floating quill. A little gust of wind deceives his sight; or his hand shakes the line, and causes an undulating motion of the cork: his heart bounds with transitory joy; but all is still again, and expectation gives a joy more calm. Many minutes now elapse in silent watchfulness. At length his patience is no longer kept in suspense—the float, with frequent jerks, is snatched slanting below the surface of the flood. He feels the tremulous motion in his hand, and pleasure thrills through all his frame: anxiety and hope, though not unmixed with fear, engross his whole attention, and cautiously he drags the struggling victim to the light. Here, when he views the unexpected magnitude of his glittering prize, his joy is at its utmost reach. What object could at this moment tempt him to quit his station? Intent upon his sport, he one moment pulls, then seems to yield, then gently draws the exhausted victim, till at length, exulting, he takes the scaly prisoner in his hand. But, alas! with his victory his pleasure ceases; for having disengaged the poor creature from the hook, he throws it down with indifference, and proceeds to fish again, that he may again enjoy the pleasure of anxious expectation.

Thus is it in all pursuits: the pleasure of expectation appears to be the great compensation for the frivolity of enjoyment; but an evil which is dreaded when it arrives usually is found as much more severe than it was expected to prove, as pleasure eagerly desired when possessed is found to fall short of what it had appeared to the imagination.

ANECDOTE *of the* KING *and* QUEEN *of* PRUSSIA.

THE marriage of their Prussian majesties was brought about in a manner rather unusual among sovereigns. The circumstance which led to their union is thus described by an intelligent traveller, who lately visited Berlin. At a grand review, which took place at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, M. Boathman, one of the richest bankers upon the continent, appeared at the parade, with a superb equipage.—Struck with his appearance, the king enquired his name, and M. B. was introduced, who invited his majesty to a grand fête he intended giving that day at his château; which invitation the king accepted, and there met the lovely princess of Mecklenburgh Strelitz. To look upon and to love her were the same. About eighteen months after their marriage, they paid a visit to M. B. and as they entered the room where their first interview occurred the king caught his royal bride in his arms, kissed her, and with tears of sensibility exclaimed—'It was in this very room, my dear Boathman, that I found the treasure of all my happiness!'

POETICAL ESSAYS.

SONG.

TO MARIA.

(Tune, "*Thou soft-flowing Avon.*")

1.

AGAINST love and beauty let Stoïcs declaim,
And coldly endeavour to quench the soft flame:
Their maxims I scorn, and their lessons despise:
Better lessons I read in Maria's bright eyes.

2.

While beauteous Maria enraptur'd I view,
I'm taught to love virtue, and practise it too:
For virtue's abode is Maria's pure breast;
And virtue how lovely, in beauty when drest!

3.

By thy bright example, my bosom is fir'd
To aim at those virtues in thee so admir'd.
While thy accents I hear, while thy heart I explore,
I strive to resemble the nymph I adore.

4.

On thee while I gaze, with devotion I glow,
And bless nature's Lord, who to mortals below
In such lively colours a picture has giv'n
Of those charms which adorn the immortals in heav'n.

FLORIO.

MAUD, THE MARKET MAID.

OF all the fair-ones I have known,
Of all the conquests I have made,
Beauty in none so brightly shone
As in fair Maud, the Market Maid.

Each market-day she constant came:
To vend her poultry was her trade.
The blush of health, and not of shame,
Illum'd the charming Market Maid.

I strove to win her guileless heart:
Alas! it had already stray'd:
And though I feel so keen a smart,
I ne'er can wed the Market Maid.

But I can wish her ev'ry joy.—
May sorrow ne'er her breast invade!
May peaceful bliss, without alloy,
Attend on Maud, the Market Maid!

Sept. 5, 1805. J. M. L.

ON CONTENT.

THE greatest blessing that on earth
A mortal can enjoy
Is sweet Content, the harbinger
Of pure and endless joy.

Without this gem, though e'er so rich,
None e'er can happy be:
'Tis this alone which can secure
Them true felicity.

The miser, who of wealth's possess'd;
The fair, the vain, the gay;
'Tis rarely those are blessed with
Content's sweet smiling ray.

Not gold can purchase beauty rare,
This treasure to their breasts:
It only on the good attends;
With them it only rests.
Holbeach Marsh. JANE C--K--G.

THE FAREWELL.

ADDRESSED TO BELINDA.

FAREWELL, my native land; and oh! farewell,
Ye sweet delightful scenes that England boasts;
I now, tho' not insensate to your charms,
Must quit them all, and seek a foreign shore.
Adieu, ye lovely songsters! that now fill
With melody enchanting ev'ry bush:
The blackbird, linnet, and the lark so gay,
In sweet mellifluous notes, their voices raise,
Each other only striving to outvie.—
Sweet innocents! that with the rosy morn
Awake, renew your songs; that with a joy,
A rapturous joy, inspires each tender heart.
Can I, without regret, without a tear,
Leave such enchanting melody as yours?
But, oh! ye groves, ye hills, ye woods, ye streams!
Long shall your beauties animate my heart:
Yes, long your sweets shall memory retain.
Oft, when I walk to amuse the lonely hour,
My fancy'll to me picture all those scenes
I wont to visit when on Britain's isle:
Remembrance then will force the tear to flow,
When in my fancy I behold each spot,
Each fav'rite spot, I formerly admir'd.
But what are these? mean trifles, when compar'd
With leaving friends, friends much esteem'd, behind:
Whene'er I think on that, it casts a damp—
A cheerless damp throughout my frame I feel.
Yes, Mary, when I think I never more
Must see that form, where ev'ry virtue dwells;
Where Wisdom all her pleasing charms displays,
And where the Muses fix their sweet abode;
I then regret that I so soon must go,
And leave so dear a friend as thee behind.
But now regret is vain: the Fates decree
That I must go, and brave th'Atlantic deep;
And then, if Neptune send a prosperous gale,
And waft me safe unto Columbia's shore,
Seek new companions, to supply the place
Of those I leave on Albion's happy isle.
But, oh, my friend! may health, with ev'ry joy,
Attend thy happy steps! may sweet content—
The greatest gift that Heaven can bestow—
Pre-eminent in thy warm bosom dwell!
And when that time arrives when Hymen's fires
Shall warm thy gentle breast with love sincere,
May each revolving year fresh pleasures bring!
Thus smoothly may thy youthful days pass on!
And when the evening of thy life appears,
Serenely sweet may recollection prove!
Yes, unembitter'd by the pangs those feel
Who have their days in vice and folly spent.
These, Mary, are the wishes of my heart;
But still, 'midst all your joys, I hope to hold
The place of friendship in your gentle breast:
And rest assured, 'twill ever be return'd
By me with equal warmth.
And so, farewell!
London, Aug. 22, 1805. JANE C--K--G.

TO BELINDA.

YE Muses, I pray, now embellish my lay;
Let my numbers flow lightsome and airy:
'Tis now my delight, from morning to night,
To pour forth the praises of Mary!

There the Muses do shine with lustre divine;
Over her they're e'er watchful and wary.
Oh, how sweet flows the strain! and what pleasure I gain
From perusing the verses of Mary!

But how shall I tell all the virtues that dwell
In this little enchanting fairy?
Too faint is my strain, far too faint, to explain
All the virtues that dwell in sweet Mary.

Though far distant I range, yet my heart ne'er will change,
However the climate may vary.
I'll still with the muse all my influence use,
To tune her to Friendship and Mary.
Holbeach Marsh, May 10. JANE C--K--G.

ACROSTIC ON

C onspicuous in your verse we view
L earning and refinement too.
E legance adorns each line;
M erit there does also shine.
E ver while you court the Muse,
N e'er may she her aid refuse!
T o such a gentle bard may she

C ondescending ever be.
O h, may your days be calm and bright!
O h, may no troubles, day nor night,
T orment you! Ever be your breast
E asy, and happily at rest!

Holbeach Marsh. JANE C--K--G.

MODESTY.

ADDRESSED TO MR. W----LEY.

HAIL, Modesty! What can compare
With thy enchanting, graceful air?
There's no accomplishment we see
Adorns a youth like Modesty.
The handsome beau, with confidence—
Who much more beauty has than sense—
Thinks Modesty a trifling grace
To those which do adorn his face:
But Modesty does far excel—
Far more than's in my pow'r to tell—
A genteel shape or handsome face,
Or any one external grace.
Its worth I cannot here unfold:—
It's of more value far than gold.
It's a rich gem, that does adorn
The maid or youth by whom 'tis worn.
But where shall I this treasure view?
There's something tells me, 'tis with you.
If 'tis, then prize the treasure dear:
Its value's great, and it, ne'er fear,
Will gain you friends, and true ones too;
Which beauty's power will not do.
Fair faces may admirers gain;
But Modesty secures their reign.

Holbeach Marsh, May 31. JANE C--K--G.

THE FORSAKEN SWAIN.

ONCE what riches I possess'd!—
Once what raptures swell'd my breast!—
When my Celia did receive
All my vows, and did believe
That I unto her would prove
Ever constant in my love.
Sure I nothing then did need:
Then, I then was rich indeed!
For say, can you deem him poor
Who never wished to have more?
But the grief which I now feel
Words too faint are to reveal.
All my hopes are vanish'd quite,
All are lost in endless night;
For my Celia's prov'd unkind,
And inconstant as the wind.
Far away from me she's fled,
And is unto Strephon wed.
Now the grove no pleasure yields,
Nor the rivers, woods, nor fields:
None of these can charm my mind,
Since my Celia's prov'd unkind.
No cheering prospect can I see,
Nought but endless misery.
But since now it must be so,
Wish her well I fondly do:
May she with her Strephon's love
E'er be blest! and may he prove
As constant unto her, as she
Has been inconstant unto me!

Holbeach Marsh. JANE C--K--G

LINES

Addressed to Mr. Coote, London.

I NOW intend, my gentle friend,
To tune my lays to thee;
To tell the fair the charms that are
Combin'd in Mr. C—.

But can I well attempt to tell
That worth which all may see?
That worth, so bright, must sure delight
The friends of Mr. C—.

Your shape and air, your genius rare,
Can ne'er be told by me;
My pen's too faint the worth to paint
Of charming Mr. C—.

To flatter now I will not bow;
Indeed I should not be
A sincere friend, could I descend
To flatter Mr. C—.

Long, gentle swain, that worth retain!
And, ah! ye fates, decree
That rosy health, combin'd with wealth,
May dwell with Mr. C—!

May manners kind your gen'rous mind
Adorn, where'er you be!
Contentment sweet bless the retreat
Of charming Mr. C—!

Where'er you tread may Pleasure spread
Her train of gaiety!
And be dull Care e'er banish'd far
From you, dear Mr. C—!

London, 1805. JANE C--K--G.

ADDRESS TO THE HEART'S-EASE.

Written at the request of a young Lady.

HAIL, little parti-colour'd flower!
To thee I tune these lays;
'Tis by request my humble Muse
This willing tribute pays.

Hail, hardy plant! When hoary frosts
Fair Nature's face deform,
Closely thou cling'st to mother earth,
Nor fear'st the freezing storm.

When Spring with beauty clothes the meads,
And decks the gay parterre,
Quickly thou rear'st thy velvet head,
Nor ask'st the florist's care.

But tho' thou dost not yield such sweets
As violets disclose,
Or boast such aromatic balm
As issues from the rose;

Yet not the splendid purple robe
Which eastern monarchs wear
Can emulate thy beauteous gloss,
Or with thy tints compare.

But still thy name has brighter charms;
'Twill both the sexes please:—
There's none that sojourns through life's vale
But wishes for heart's ease.

Heart's ease! how welcome to the maid
If love's soft passion teize!
Oh, how she chides th'inconstant youth,
And lingers for heart's ease!

May love's keen disappointments ne'er
The mind of Susan seize!
But may she with her fav'rite youth
Enjoy a long heart's ease!

Then, may kind Heaven, to bless you both,
Its choicest bliss impart!
May conscience gild life's closing scene,
And give you Ease of Heart!

Haverhill, Oct. 11, 1805. JOHN WEBB.

EPITAPH

On a young Lady, who, being at a theatre, in consequence of a false alarm of fire, was crushed to death in endeavouring to escape.

YE sons of pleasure, whom the mimic stage
With fascinating charm your hearts engage;
Ye who to crowded theatres repair
To banish thought, and dissipate dull care;
Muse o'er this humble tomb with mind sedate—
Heave the deep sigh, and weep the maiden's fate.

Like you, in bloom of health, in youth's bright prime,
She sought theatric scenes to *murder* time:
When, lo! a dread commotion intervenes,
And turns the comic to real tragic scenes:
And 'midst the tumult dire the hapless maid
Fell in the crowd—was crush'd to Death's cold shade!

Votaries of Mirth! whom scenic arts can charm,
Pause as ye read; let conscience take th' alarm:
And prove—should you from scenes like these refrain—
That ev'n a playhouse was not built in vain.

Haverhill. JOHN WEBB.

THE COTTAGE.

AT the door of my straw-covered cot
The rose and the jessamine blend:
Each tree that o'ershadows the spot
Is dear to my heart as a friend:

Its course from the first noble donor,
From father to son, can we trace;
For ages the seat of fair honour,
Content, independence, and peace.

The traveller, at fast-falling night,
The smoke of its chimney surveys;
And journeys with bosom more light,
Secure of refreshment and ease:

For fortune permits to extend,
Though she gives not superfluous store,
A jug and a crust to a friend;
A morsel to gladden the poor.

THE KISS.

WHEN far from my love, from my LILLA, away,
Each lingering hour I upbraid:
With the sigh of despair, to my fancy I say—
Could I see the dear angel but once in the day,
No care should my bosom invade.

Why then when, at length, the dear angel is nigh,
When I gaze on her beauties divine,
Why throbs in my breast the unsatisfied sigh?
Why trembles the tear of regret in my eye?
Fond wishes! for what do ye pine?

Do ye pine that the moment has vanish'd so fast,
Which seal'd the soft compact of bliss?
Pine not that the moment of rapture is past—
A rapture like ours was forbidden to last,
Or life had expir'd in the KISS.

Aug. 22, 1805. H.

FOREIGN NEWS.

St. Petersburgh, Aug. 28.

THE preparations for war are continued without intermission. All the regiments and the guards from this capital and the vicinity are on their march for Lithuania, and there are only three battalions of guards to do duty at the imperial palaces. Ten thousand men have marched out of this capital since the 23d instant. General Wintzingerode and prince Pangration are gone to the army, whither the emperor is also going in a day or two. The head-quarters will be at Wilna.

Cologn, Sept. 8. The first division of the army of the coast, consisting of 30,000 men, passed through Mons on the 3d instant. The troops are principally conveyed in carriages. They march along the Upper Rhine by Luxemburg and Treves. The emperor Napoleon will command in person the army of the Rhine; but he will always have relays in readiness to pass with dispatches, should occasion require, into Italy.

Bavaria, Sept. 17. Between the 16th and 18th inst. the whole advanced guard of the Austrian army in Germany passed the Lech. The left column, which draws through Upper Bavaria towards Suabia, is commanded by general count Klenau; and the right by general Gottesheim. The amount of both columns is estimated at 36,000 men. These will be followed by the main army, under the command of the archduke Ferdinand, assisted by generals Mack, Granville, &c.

Ulm, Sept. 18. The Bavarian troops, under the command of general Wrede, in this city, left it the day before yesterday.

The states of Bohemia assembled at Prague on the 9th instant.

Banks of the Danube, Sept. 19. The Bavarian troops have halted on the left side of this river, where it is intended to establish, provisionally, a line of demarcation. The corps under the command of gen. Wrede, which was before stationed at Ulm, now occupies Ingolstadt and the environs. The elector has given the most positive orders to oppose the entrance of an Austrian force into that town.

A regiment of Austrian cavalry has taken possession of Ulm.

Wurtzburg, Sept. 19. We learn that Biberach, a place now belonging to the elector of Baden, was occupied by the Austrians on the 15th.

Vienna, Sept. 19. The day before yesterday his royal highness the archduke Charles, with his retinue, in seven carriages, set out from this city, to go by the way of Venice to Padua to the Italian army, over which he will hold a general inspection. During the absence of the archduke Charles, the ministry at war will be entrusted to field-marshal count Joseph Von Colleredo.

His majesty the emperor will, it is said, next week set off for the Tyrol; where, however, he will make but a short stay, as he will proceed to Hungary to the opening of the diet. The Hungarians will raise a new army of reserve. Troops from the Gallicias and Hungary are daily arriving and passing through this city, on their way to the German and Italian armies.

On the 17th a courier from Berlin arrived here, after which several conferences were held. The archduke Ferdinand has set out to join the army in Bavaria. It is asserted that the French ambassador has demanded his passports, and that he has obtained them not only for himself but for the whole of his embassy. He, however, had not quitted Vienna yesterday.

Ratisbon, Sept. 20. Though advices from various places still give some hopes of the continuance of peace, we doubt much of the possibility of it. The Austrian troops continue to advance, and a very considerable part of them are already in Suabia. By the 10th of next month a corps of Russians will enter the Bavarian frontiers: but with respect to these proceedings, nothing official as yet has been communicated to the diet. The new proposals for peace that have been transmitted to Vienna seem not to have been approved.

Frankfort, Sept. 24. The Austrian army in Germany, under the command of the archduke Ferdinand, has, by forced marches, entered Suabia. Its advanced posts have reached Stockach. It is even very generally reported, that the Austrian troops have entered Switzerland. It is stated from Augsburg, that the Austrians halted on the 20th in the environs of that city; but no motive is assigned. On the other hand, the French troops of the army of Hanover arrived the day before yesterday in the environs of this city. They will soon be followed by the French and Batavian army, the first division of whom passed the Rhine this day at Mentz, and have marched towards Weilbach and Stinglingen; they will be at Offenbach to-morrow.

Stutgard, Sept. 24. Letters from Munich, dated the 22d, bring information, that the emperor of Germany and Austria had arrived there the evening before at six. His majesty was to continue his route on the 22d, by Landsberg.

The archduke Ferdinand had also arrived at Munich, and was making dispositions to proceed to Suabia. The Austrian commandant at Munich has put the electoral chest in a state of sequestration; but it is thought that he cannot derive from it more than the sums that will be necessary for the payment of the civil officers.

It is confirmed, that all the Austrian regiments which are on their march have received orders to halt, wherever they shall be, when this order shall be made known to them. The motives for this unexpected measure are yet unknown; but people are disposed to augur from it a favourable omen, a more fortunate turn of the negociations for peace, which are known to be still carried on under the auspices of Prussia. A Bavarian officer had arrived at Munich with dispatches from the elector, and set out on his return some hours after. The Austrians have advanced, in several directions, upon Suabia. One of the columns has taken a position at Rothwell and its environs, and sent out patroles towards Knibis, and in the vale of Kniche. This is the corps of general Auffenburg, who, after having advanced on the banks of the Lake of Constance, has entered the landgraviate of Nellenberg, and provisionally established his head-quarters at Stockach.

Paris, Sept. 25. His majesty the emperor and king set off yesterday for the army.

Yesterday at half past three the council of state went to the tribunate.

Sept. 27. The empress set out with his majesty for the army.

28. In the public sitting of the tribunate, held yesterday, a report was made from the commission appointed to consider of the communication of the government relative to the invasion of Bavaria by the Austrians; by which it was proposed, that an address should be presented to the emperor, expressive of the devotion of the nation to its chief, and of its thanks for all the personal sacrifices which he had made to maintain peace. This proposition was unanimously adopted.

Strasburgh, Sept. 27. It was said that the passage of the Rhine would be effected at Neuf-Brisach; but we are informed that, in consequence of fresh orders, the troops destined for

that purpose are descending the Rhine to pass the river at Kehl. In the night of the 25th, a strong division of dragoons on foot passed it.

General Oudinot's division of grenadiers slept at Rastadt on the 25th: yesterday it continued its march.

Vienna, Sept. 28. The answer of France to the declaration of the court of Vienna not having arrived, has retarded the departure of the ambassador La Rochefoucault. It has, however, been communicated to him, that he shall receive his passports as soon as count Cobentzel, and all the Austrians at Paris, shall have received theirs.

The Russian troops will be in part conveyed in 3000 carriages from Brunn to Braunau, where they will arrive on the 10th of October.

The emperor Alexander is expected at Vienna, and a number of apartments in the imperial palace are fitted up for his reception. That monarch left St. Petersburgh on the 21st of September, and on the 26th arrived at Pulavi; which is very rapid travelling.

Last night a courier was sent off to the commandant of the first column of the Russian troops.

Ratisbon, Sept. 30. The first column of the Russians is expected to reach the Bavarian frontiers on the 6th or 8th of next month.

The Austrian general Kienmeyer, who with his corps is at Eichstadt, will there wait for the Russians to form their advanced guard.

Nuremberg, Oct. 1. On the 27th of September, the elector of Bavaria concluded a convention with France, by virtue of which his troops are to join the French army, and the fortress of Wurtzburg to be delivered up to the latter. This has already been carried into effect.

Wurtzburg, Oct. 1. On the 28th ult. marshal Bernadotte departed from hence. The march of the French proceeds without cessation; the head-quarters were yesterday at Ebernach, three hours from Bamberg. The marshal was received here in a most distinguished manner by the electoral family. Before his departure general Marmont arrived here. Electoral commissaries are posted on all the roads, to provide necessaries for the army. This citadel has also been provisioned. An exchange of couriers has constantly taken place between this city and Berlin. It appears that the journey of our elector to Amberg had positively a military object; and there is reason to conjecture, that our army will shortly break up in the Upper Palatinate for Franconia; and that, in case of war, the elector will command it in person.

Hanover, Oct. 1. Transports, baggage waggons, &c. are daily going from hence to Hameln. To-morrow about 2000 peasants will begin to be employed daily in working on the fortifications and trenches. It is said that a house will be fitted up at Hameln for the general of division Barbon.

Orders have been given for the immediate delivery of 15,000 palisades, which has occasioned a scarcity of wood in the vicinity of Hameln. All the depots of the regiments which have marched away are removed to Hameln.

Offenburg, Oct. 2. We have just been informed, that a corps of Austrian troops has passed the Danube at Neuberg in Bavaria, to extend themselves upon the left banks of that river. The advanced guard of that corps is arrived at Donawerth. The garrison of Munich has also received orders to repair to the left bank of the Danube. It set off immediately for that destination. There are only a few hundred Austrians in garrison at Munich.

The advanced guard of the imperial army of Austria, under the orders of general Klenau, 14,000 strong, is in the rear of the Black Forest, where it has taken post between Stockach and Doneschingen.

The Prussian government of Anspach and Bareuth has published a proclamation relative to the neutrality of these two countries. It is formally forbidden to the magistrates and functionaries to suffer foreign troops to pass, of whatever nation they may be, through the Prussian territory, as well as to suffer horses or corn to be exported.

HOME NEWS.

London, Sept. 26.

ON Monday night last, Mr. Isaac Blight, a most respectable and opulent merchant, was murdered while he was sitting in his chair in his own house, at Greenland Dock, near Deptford.

Mr. Blight's house is the first below Greenland Dock, and fronts the river Thames: the back part is surrounded by a strong paling. On Thursday night last (at which time Mr. Blight, with his lady, were at Margate) a friend of theirs, a Mr. Patch, was sitting alone in a front parlour in Mr. Blight's house. About half past eight o'clock he was alarmed by a pistol or gun, loaded with ball, being fired through the window: the ball lodged in a part of the room not far from where he sat. Every search was immediately made, but no person that could be suspected was to be found. The next day (Friday) Mr. Patch wrote to Mr. Blight, to inform him of the circumstance, when the latter instantly came to town; but neither he nor Mr. Patch could attach suspicion upon any one.

On Monday night these gentlemen were sitting together in a back parlour in Mr. Blight's house; and about the same hour (half past eight o'clock) Mr. Patch, having occasion to go out for a few minutes, took a candle, and left his friend alone. He had not been gone more than two or three minutes when he heard the report of a gun, on which he immediately returned, and found Mr. Blight lying shot through the body. The ball had entered a little below his ribs, passed through his back, and lodged in the wainscoting behind where he sat. The only person in the house when the murder was committed was a female servant, who also heard the report of the piece, but was in a kitchen at some distance. Neither Mr. Patch, the servant, nor those who were called in, could find any traces whatever of the murderer: he got clear off. Neither gun nor pistol was left behind, nor any thing that could tend in the least to discover him.

The unfortunate gentleman was instantly put to bed, and the assistance of a surgeon immediately procured, who soon pronounced the wound to be mortal.

Mr. Blight, during the night and yesterday morning, was sufficiently collected to be able to answer every question relative to the horrid transaction. The whole account, however, that he could give, was extremely short. He stated, that after Mr. Patch left him he sat alone, and neither heard nor suspected any one; at last, however, he saw the door of the room open slowly (but this did not alarm him), and almost at the same instant he was shot: he neither saw nor heard the person who fired at him.

The above particulars Mr. Blight repeated distinctly several times before he died; and declared that he was not conscious of having an enemy in the world. He expired at three o'clock yesterday afternoon.

[The above-mentioned Mr. Patch has since been apprehended, on strong

suspicion of having been himself the murderer of Mr. Blight; and, after several examinations before that active magistrate Mr. Graham, has been fully committed to take his trial at the next assizes.]

Kinross, Oct. 2. On Saturday last a gentleman from the neighbourhood of Dunfermline, acting as a guide to a friend, to view that wonderful display of nature exhibited at the Cauldron Lins, on the Devon Water, a few miles from Kinross, in attempting to pass over the large stones that hang over the first chasm unfortunately slipped his foot, and fell headlong down the first precipitous descent, wherein the constant dashing of the water from above, for a long series of years, has excavated the solid rock, forming large collateral basins, through the whole of which he was rapidly hurled down to the first lin or cauldron of immeasurable depth of water: here the constant horrific roar forms a perpetual agitating frothy surface, which universally, from every beholder who has the courage to look into it, obtains the appropriate name of Boiler. From this last awful situation he was instantly washed down to the second great lin or cauldron; near the bottom of which the water has forced a circuitous narrow passage, forming the great cascade that projects with such horror through the solid rock, and falls with a tremendous noise to an immense depth in the river below. Most providentially for the gentleman, the descending waters whirled and pitched him on his feet upon a detached piece of the rock, where, upon some recollection of his impending perilous state, and consequent exertion, he balanced himself for near an hour, though up to the chin in water, and until his terrified companion, chilled with fear for the fate of his friend, obtained assistance from the peasantry in the neighbourhood, who immediately collected near the precipice; and, with much difficulty, from the weakness of the endangered sufferer below, who of necessity was obliged to pass the ropes that were thrown down to him around his own body, he was happily drawn up from the depth he had fallen into, not less than 50 feet.

Dublin, Oct. 3. Thursday evening the bishop of Bristol very narrowly escaped being shot, by a ball from a pistol, fired off in Lower College-green, Dublin, by a boy who was amusing himself therewith. The ball entered the dining-room window of the palace, and took such a direction as would, most probably, have terminated his lordship's existence, had he not providentially risen from his seat a few minutes before.

London, Oct. 5. The body of John Archer, late a seaman on board one of his majesty's frigates, was, on Saturday last, taken up at Chatham, after it had been buried, in consequence of suspicion having arisen that he died through excess of punishment. The jury have since met, have been adjourned several times, and have examined a number of witnesses, whose evidence appears contradictory. A serjeant of marines has gone so far as to state, that the man was very severely and repeatedly punished, and that, at the time punishment was inflicted on him the man could not walk, but was brought up from below by several men, and laid down across a gun, not being able to stand upright, and he was flogged in that situation.—The surgeon of the ship, on the contrary, states, that the man has not been severely treated, and that when he was called to see him his case appeared so lenient, that his attendance was not required. The jury again met on Thursday evening, at six o'clock, to examine the remaining witnesses, and, about nine, not being able to form an immediate opinion, they withdrew into a separate apartment, and were locked in nearly three hours, when they requested the presence of the coroner, and delivered the solemn verdict of—*Wilful Murder.*

In the forenoon of yesterday, between ten and eleven o'clock, a well-looking middle-aged woman was exposed to sale in Smithfield market by her husband, with a rope round her waist. The purchase money demanded for this fair bargain was 50*l*. This being considered rather exorbi-

tant, notwithstanding the novelty of the article, there were few bidders for some time, until a very considerable concourse of people were assembled, when the lady became very impatient for a bidder at any price, declaring her unnatural husband had used her cruelly, and she was willing to be knocked down at a trifle. Two guineas were bid for her by some gallant swain; and, without waiting for any further bidding, the husband declared him to be the purchaser, and the property was regularly transferred in the books of the clerk of the market. The old husband departed, contented with the produce of this sale; and the new one retired with his bargain to a neighbouring public-house.

Oct. 8. The officers at Union-Hall were on Thursday morning very much surprised at seeing a young woman drive up to the door in a very elegant one-horse chaise, who came to ask relief of the magistrates for herself and a child, which she had in her arms. It appeared that she had that morning applied to a parish officer of Lambeth for relief, without effect; and as she was coming out of the officer's house she observed a chaise standing at the door, empty: supposing it belonged to the officer, she determined to borrow it, and immediately got in and drove to Union-Hall, where the magistrates, totally ignorant of the equipage standing at the door, granted her an order for relief, with which she was returning to the officer's house, when she was met by Mr. Astley, jun. of the Amphitheatre, who, seizing the bridle, requested the fair damsel to alight and resign the whip to him. The fact was, Mr. Astley had been with the parish officer on business, and had left his carriage at the door, when the lady, perceiving it empty and the horse standing idle, had taken the liberty of borrowing it for her excursion into the borough.

On Thursday last an inquest was held by Mr. E. Brook, coroner, and a respectable jury, on the body of John Stables, of Horsforth, gent. who was on Tuesday evening found hanging in a barn near his own house. The jury, after examining several witnesses as to the state of mind of the deceased, found a verdict of *Lunacy*. This gentleman was brother and heir to Mr. Wm. Stables, who was cruelly murdered in bed in his house, in the night of the 26th of July last; since which dreadful event the mind of the deceased has appeared in a very perturbed and dejected state. On the morning of his death Mr. Stables breakfasted with his sister, Mrs. Clark, of Low-hall, Horsforth, with whom he had for some weeks resided, and whose house he left on horseback, with the professed intention of riding to Leeds; but, as appears from the sequel, he rode only to his own house, which was unoccupied, put up his horse in an out-house, and is supposed to have soon after committed the fatal act, as his body, when discovered in the evening, was perfectly cold; from which circumstance it is conjectured, that he must have been suspended for several hours. He died possessed of freehold property to the amount of upwards of 170*l.* a year.

Oct. 9. On Sunday morning the son of a wholesale linen-draper, near Watling-street, eloped with the daughter of a wealthy merchant, near East-square, in the Kent-road. On their way to Guildford they were overtaken by the lady's father and some of his friends, who had set off in pursuit of the fugitives. The rencontre had like to have proved a very serious one, as the enraged parent attacked the young gentleman with such determined violence, as not only to drag him from the post-chaise, but to inflict upon him a severe drubbing with a cudgel. The young *enamorata* was not more astonished at the pursuit than he was at the many convincing proofs he received of the old gentleman's aversion to the match, and was preparing to submit to his fate, and take a long farewell of his mistress, when the young lady called her father aside, reminding him that she had left home for more than twelve hours; that a *night* had passed in the interval since she had determined to become a *wife*; and that it would neither contribute to his happiness nor her

honour to prevent the match, since things had gone so far. The parent took the hint, and was, after a moment's recollection, as desirous to see the nuptial ceremony performed as he was before resolute to prevent it. The parties all returned to town, and yesterday the happy pair were joined in holy wedlock, when the lady confessed that the hint she had thrown out was nothing more than an innocent stratagem to gain her parent's consent, and that her own honour and his reputation were unsullied.

Oct. 12. The whole of the lunatics being removed from Bethlehem-hospital to St. Luke's and Hoxton, the first day's sale of that vast pile of buildings commenced on Monday, the ground being purchased by the city of London for the purpose of building a most magnificent fabric, to be divided into Lecture Theatres, appropriated for History, Chemistry, Navigation, Mathematics, Philosophy, Genealogy, Chronology, and Trade; to which will be added a library, suited to the above, that will surpass any of its kind in Europe. It is said, that upwards of 250,000*l.* are already subscribed towards this commercial and great undertaking.

BIRTHS.

Sept. 20. At Barningham-hall, Norfolk, the lady of H. N. Jarret, esq. of a daughter.

29. At Sanson-house, Berwickshire, the lady of general Francis Dundas, of a son.

30. At Hagbury-place, in Surrey, the right hon. lady Margaret Walpole, of a son.

Oct. 2. At his house, in New-street, Spring-gardens, the lady of the hon. James Abercrombie, of a daughter.

7. At the house of William Wingfield, esq. in Montague-street, Russel-square, the right hon. lady Charlotte Wingfield, of a son.

8. At his house near Deal, the lady of captain sir John Johnstone, of Westerhall, bart. of a daughter.

10. At Gormanstown-castle, Ireland, the lady of the right hon. lord viscount Gormanstown, of a daughter.

14. At his house in Upper Charlotte-street, Mrs. Lucena, the lady of the Portuguese consul-general, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

Sept. 21. At St. George the Martyr, Queen-square, Amos Stettrell, esq. of Baglan-house, Glamorgan, to miss Harriet Utterson, second daughter of the late John Utterson, esq. of Marwell-hall, in the county of Southampton.

22. At St. Olave's, Old Jewry, Thomas Symonds, of the Inner Temple, esq. barrister, to miss Frances Barlow, eldest daughter of Joseph Barlow, esq. of Frederick's-place.

25. At Mary-la-bonne church, major Daniell, of the 99th regiment, to miss Mary East, daughter of the late Edward East, of the island of Jamaica.

John Walcot, esq. to lady Douglas, of Great Cumberland-street.

Mr. Robert Jenkins, of Portland-square, Bristol, merchant, to miss Prior, daughter of —— Prior, esq. of the same place.

Oct. 1. At Handsworth, Mr. Thomas Rhodes, of London, to miss Hodges, daughter of John Hodges, esq. Soho, Staffordshire.

At Mary-la-bonne church, James Agar, esq. of the Inner Temple, barrister at law, to miss Fletcher, of Welbeck-street.

At Horsley, in Gloucestershire, Henry Moor, esq. of Greenwich, in Kent, to miss Remmington, daughter of John Remmington, esq. of Bartonend.

At Lisbon, James St. Aubyn, esq. of Plymouth-dock, to miss Louisa Michell, daughter of Samson Michell, esq. of the royal navy, Lisbon.

At Eastry, William Bridger, esq. of Lymne-castle, to miss Tournay Bargrave, eldest daughter of Robert Tournay Bargrave, esq. of Eastry-court, in Kent.

2. At Queen-square chapel, Bath, Thomas Roberts, esq. of Bristol, to miss Lee, daughter of the late Benj. Lee, esq. of Merrion, county of Dublin.

At Camberwell church, Thomas Bush, esq. of Wandsworth, to miss Harriet Brown, daughter of Timothy Brown, esq. of Peckham-lodge, Surrey.

At Walcot church, Bath, John Haley, esq. of Lansdown-place, to Mrs. Richardes, youngest daughter of the late James Rivett, esq. M. P. for Derby.

3. At Walton, John Groome Smythe, esq. of Worfield, Shropshire, to miss Ann Park, daughter of Thomas Park, esq. of Highfield-house, near Liverpool.

Wm. Coxhead Marsh, esq. of Park-hall, Essex, nephew of sir Thomas Coxhead, to miss Sophia Swaine, of Castle-Headingham, in the same county.

7. S. C. Brandram, esq. of Size-lane, to miss Styan, daughter of Thomas Styan, esq. of Clapham, in Surrey.

At Hempriggs, Caithness, Garden Duff, esq. of Hatton, to miss Louisa Dunbar, eldest daughter of sir Benjamin Dunbar, bart.

At Curzon-street chapel, Walter Jones, esq. M. P. for Coleraine, in Ireland, to miss Catharine Iremonger, daughter of the rev. Lascelles Iremonger, prebendary of Winchester.

8. At St. James's church, the rev. Wm. Ward, rector of Mile-end, near Colchester, to miss Hammersley, eldest daughter of Thomas Hammersley, esq. of Pall-Mall.

Benjamin Wood, esq. of Finsbury-square, to miss Wood, of Layton.

At Cheltenham, Francis Hamilton, esq. of Belvidera, county of Antrim, to miss Elizabeth Lucy Reilly, youngest daughter of the late John Reilly, esq. of Scarvar-house, county of Down, Ireland.

9. At St. Mary-la-bone, Henry Jadis, esq. to miss Adderley.

12. At St. Pancras, Richard Price, esq. third son of sir Charles Price, bart. M. P. to miss Elizabeth Heyman, second daughter of Henry Heyman, esq. of Queen-square.

At Queen-square chapel, Bath, George Lowther Thompson, esq. of Trinity college, Cambridge, to miss Waldron, eldest daughter of the rev. Edward Waldron, of Hartlebury, Worcestershire.

14. At St. George's, Hanover-square, by the rev. Edward Williams, of Stepney, Isaac Heyward, esq. captain in the royal South Gloucester regiment, to Mrs. Wiltens Andree, late of Surinam.

15. Lieutenant-colonel Cumming, of the 11th light dragoons, to miss Amelia Lautour.

At Douglas, in the Isle of Man, by special licence, Wm. H. Boys, esq. to miss Sarah Meredith, third daughter of B. C. Meredith, esq. of Broadstone-house, near Dublin.

17. At Woodham Mortimer, near Maldon, Essex, Mr. John Wyatt Lee, of Maldon, to miss Ann Dunkin, daughter of John Dunkin, esq. of Woodham Mortimer.

DEATHS.

Sept. 20. John Talbot, esq. of Stone-castle, Kent.

After a lingering illness, Mr. Richard Adams, late partner in the house of Messrs. Harding, Shorland and Co. in Pall-Mall.

Oct. 2. At Brompton, in the 72d year of her age, lady Temple, widow of the late sir Richard Temple, bart. of Kemsey, Worcestershire.

At Cheltenham, David Scott, esq. of Duninald, representative in parliament for Perth, &c.

7. At his brother's house, in Billiter-square, George Desborough, esq. agent-victualler to his majesty's fleets on the Leeward Island station.

8. At Upton-house, near Romsey, in the 70th year of her age, Mrs. Anne Lessly, widow of the late Thomas Lessly, esq. and eldest daughter of Stephen Blizard, esq. deceased, late chief justice of the island of Antigua.

14. At the house of Robert Holt Leigh, esq. M. P. in Duke-street, Westminster, in the 52d year of his age, Wm. Clarke, esq. banker, of Liverpool.

At his partner's house, at Walworth, John Smith, esq. of Southwark, hop-merchant, fourth son of Mr. Alderman Smith, of York.

17. At South Lambeth, Mrs. Hook, wife of the eminent composer.